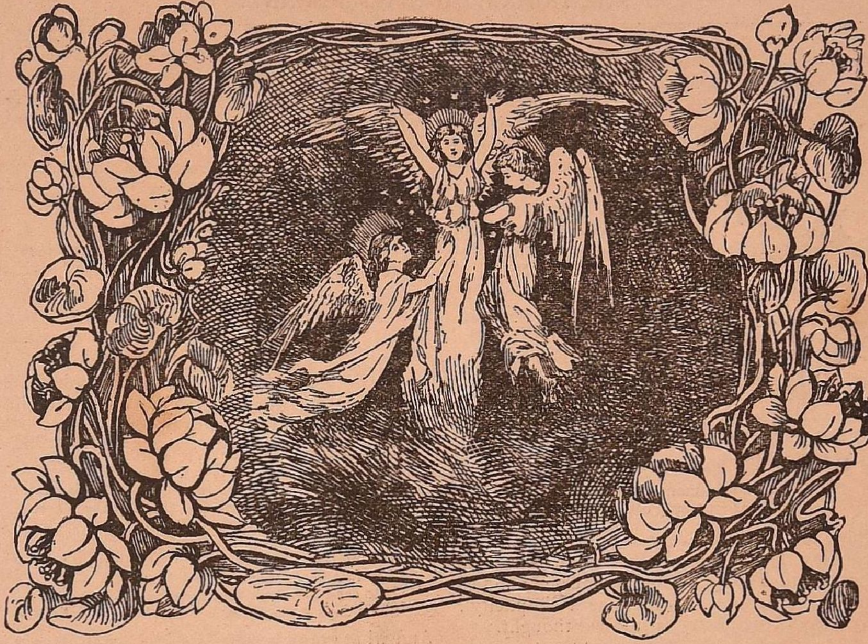


THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. VI. FEBRUARY, 1907. No. 8.

INDIA'S CHILDREN.

Soft are the fading twilight's tender hues,
The while in rosy clouds the sun descending.
Sweet is the rose, bathed in the morning dews
And fair the rainbow's colours softy blending,
Mellow the shades upon the autumn leaf,
And soft the rippling waters gently flowing,
Rich is the gold upon the harvest sheaf,
The rip'ning fruit among dark verdure glowing.

But fairer than the mellow evening skies,
Fairer than the awak'ning dawn's first gleaming,
Is that deep lovelight in those wondrous eyes
Of India's children, fond of thought and dreaming.
The light that shines from those deep, mellow orbs,
Is full of myst'ry and of eager glowing,
A power that the inner soul absorbs,
A ray from some far land, beyond our knowing.

And as I gaze into each tender face,
I see upon its lines a revelation.
The offspring of an ancient noble race,
They seem to feel the greatness of their nation.
There still it lives, that deep and wondrous lore,
Taught by the gods to India's ancient sages.
The wisdom that made India great of yore,
They silently repeat from unknown pages.

And as the passing seasons slowly flee,
I see ahead a grand and glorious vision—
A boy evolved into the majesty
Of perfect manhood, filled with true ambition.
Then will the hope of years be filled at last,
That never died mid suff'ring and privation—
To link the future to the glorious past,
And wake the ancient greatness of the nation.

Longfellow.

LONGFELLOW'S poetical pieces are too well known to the public to need any special naming here. Who has not read the poet's most pathetic utterances in the "Voices of the Night?" Who has not been moved by the solemnity which pervades the "Hymn to the Night," the "Reaper and the Flowers," the "Light of Stars," "Footsteps of Angels" and the "Midnight mass for the dying year?" Who does not know that lyrical gem of his, which begins with the words :—

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream !"

There is something very attractive in all that Longfellow has written. Has there ever been witnessed in Poetry so much music, mingled with such sweetness, strength and simplicity? Carlyle says true poetry is musical thought.

"The poet is one who thinks in that way. At bottom it turns still on power of intellect; it is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a Poet. See deep enough and you see musically, the heart of nature being everywhere music, if you can only read it."

Longfellow is thoroughly *earnest*, this was the secret of his success as it is indeed that of every true poet—this his earnest faith in man and the Divine. We also notice in him a sympathy with man and nature which is another trait of a true poet. One who best knew him remarks :—"The secret of his popularity as a poet is probably that of all similar popularity, *viz.*, the fact that his poetry expresses a universal sentiment in the simplest and most melodious manner. Each of his most noted poems is the issue of a feeling common to every mind, in moods into which every mind is liable to fall. Thus, 'The Psalm of Life,' 'Footsteps of Angels,' 'Excelsior,' 'Twilight,' 'The Open Window,' are all most adequate and inexpressibly delicate renderings of quite universal motions. If some elegiac poets have strung rosaries of tears, there is a weakness of woe in their verses which repels; but the quiet, pensive, thought—the twilight of the mind, in which the little facts of life are saddened in their relation to the eternal laws, time and change—this is the meditation and mourning of every manly heart, and this is the alluring and permanent charm of Longfellow's poetry.

Do we not feel that the poet is expressing our own sorrows, weakness, and triumphs whenever he gives utterance to his own experience. Have there not been times in which our state might well be described by the lines :—

'Within my breast there is no light
But the cold light of stars ;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.'

Yet! if the poet sings our sorrows, he has also sweet words of comfort for us.

Oh, fear not in a world like this
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime, a thing it is,
To suffer and be strong.

How often is it that the poet touches some secret chord of ours and we feel either a thrill of sorrow or a pleasant sense of joy :—

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains and the wind is never weary ;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.
Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

And what grand lessons does he teach us out of common things! He sees alike :—

........"In star and flower a part
Of the self-same universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart."

He is also a patriot, not selfish by confining his affectionate regards to his own country, but filled with sympathies for all. His sentiments revolted from the practice of slavery and he gives vent to his moral indignation in such powerful lines as these :—

"There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of this Commonwealth,
Till the vast Temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies."

He is also the foe of war and anticipates the time when the world shall be lapped in peace :—

"Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease,
And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'
"Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies ;
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

We are tempted to go on like this, reproducing here his sweet and simple poetic thoughts; but let us say a word about the life of this popular poet :—Longfellow was born in 1807 at Portland, Maine, in North America, it is said "in an old square wooden house upon the edge of the sea." He graduated in 1825 from Bowdoin

College, which he entered at the age of 14. After taking his degree, he devoted a short time to the study of law. When only 18 years of age he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages in his *Alma Mater*, a post for which though young he was well qualified. In 1826 he visited France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland and England, and returned after an absence of three years. In 1835 he was appointed Professor of Belles Letters in Harvard College, during which year he paid a second visit to Europe this time extending his tour to Norway, Sweden and Denmark. After holding his Professorship for 20 years he retired in 1854, and for upwards of 40 years resided at Cragie House, Cambridge, Mass., which was said to be the headquarters of George Washington after the battle of Bunker's Hill. He died in March 1882. He was twice married, his second wife met with a very painful death. A muslin dress which she was wearing having caught fire, the flames could not be extinguished until she had sustained fatal injuries. He left a family of three sons and two daughters, one of his sons being an artist of some repute.

Longfellow has been successful in the three kinds of poetic effort—the descriptive, the dramatic and the lyrical, but more especially in the lyrical and the descriptive. Take, for instance, his Evangeline—a poem which remains the best monument of the author's genius. Who has not been moved by the pathetic incidents related in this picture of life? And notice also the high moral teachings which pervade the whole episode, not to speak of the charming imagery and the melodious versification. Or take again his Hiawatha, which contains such exquisite descriptions of river and mountain scenery. In it we see the extraordinary power which Longfellow had in depicting the various moods of Nature.

His lyrical pieces however have had the greatest influence on his readers. Some of them such as "Excelsior," the "Psalm of Life," the "Village Blacksmith," have almost become household words. Incidentally our readers may like to know, what became of the "spreading chestnut-tree" underneath which the "Village Smithy" stood. It was cut down a few years ago and the children of Cambridge subscribed to have an arm chair made of it, and they presented it to Longfellow on his seventy-second Birthday, for which he returned his thanks in a beautiful and touching poem.

As a poet perhaps, Longfellow is far removed from what is termed the "school of culture," but to him belongs an honour, which none of the poets of that school can aspire to—the honor of being the people's singer. And to be the people's singer, never base, and ever pure in heart, believing in the people's purity and in the household hearth as a shrine, sacred with chaste loves and duties of comrades, perceiving the pathos of the commonplace and sympathising with the every day—is certainly no insignificant honour.

True Greatness.

LET us just fo a moment separate ourselves from the bustle and excitement of life, and take a glance at our fellow-men. Oh! What lives they lead some of them, such anxiety, such strivings after some object of their life, so many sleepless nights and restless days! What is the meaning of all this? Why all these cares and troubles? It is not because each man wishes to be *great*? Well! It is natural for a human being to have this wish—*to become great*. Man would indeed be far worse than a beast if in him there is none of 'Hope's perpetual breath.' As an old poet well puts it, 'Hope is the nurse of young desire.' Man is never satisfied with what he has and his happiness mainly consists in striving after something unattainable. It is folly therefore to blame him for his high aspirations—for his desire to become great. But great in what way? We fear, that, if the question "wherein lies true greatness" be put to those who strive for such an object, the answer to it will be varied. Greatness according to a majority of men consists in the possession of wealth. A rich man is a great man, he is 'worth something' as they like to put it, he is influential and respected by his neighbours. We believe it is this idea of greatness which actuates thousands and thousands to seek for money. But is *greatness* so easily procurable? Is it so cheap as to be bought with paltry gold and silver? *Greatness* surely is far above silver or gold. Possessing wealth is anything but possessing greatness, on the contrary in most cases it makes men selfish and destroys often the noblest parts of his nature.

We must look for greatness elsewhere. Is it to be found in popularity? Let us turn to men who have still greater influence in the world than those who are rich—the successful politician or statesman. Is *greatness* indeed only to be found in these men? Yes! if we make fame and greatness synonymous; but they are not the

same. Fame is transitory, true greatness lives for ever.

> "What is the end of fame, 'tis but to fill
> A certain portion of uncertain paper."

Or again a warrior—a soldier who fights for his country, even gives up his life in the struggle—is he not to be considered great? Ah! But we must remember that:—

> "The drying up a single tear has more
> Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore."

Once more, if these are not essentials of greatness, will not the sceptre enable man to attain it? We are afraid not. Let King Lear speak:—

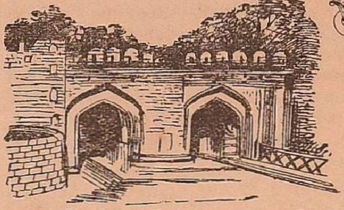
> "I have lived long enough; my way of life
> Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
> And that which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
> I must not look to have; but in their stead,
> Curses not loud but deep—mouth-honour breath
> Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not."

True greatness does not consist in doing things or holding positions which the world may call *great*. To tread life's common path with cheerfulness and contentment to be of use to our fellowmen, to try to influence the circle in which Providence may place us, to take delight in the *every day and the common-place,* in such simple things lies greatness. How beautifully has the poet Tennyson brought out this grand lesson. The Knight Percivale who has been seeking for the Holy Grail, relates to the monk Ambrosius all his adventures. The monk who had never strayed beyond the pale of his cloisters listens to him and then says:—

> "O brother.........for in sooth
> These ancient books—and they would win thee—teem,
> Only I find not there this Holy Grail,
> With miracles and marvels like to these,
> Not all unlike; which often time I read,
> Who read but on my breviary with ease,
> Till my head swims; and then go forth and pass
> Down to the little thorpe that lies so close,
> And almost plaster'd like a martin's nest
> To these old walls—and mingle with our folk;
> And knowing every honest face of theirs,
> As well as ever shepherd knew his sheep,
> And every homely secret in their hearts,
> Delight myself with gossip and old wives,
> And ills and ashes, and teethings, lyings
> And mirth-sayings, children of the place,
> That have no meaning half a league away;
> Or lulling random squabbles when they rise.
> Cuffering and chatterings at the market cross
> Rejoice small men, in this small world of mine
> Yea, even in their hens and in their eggs."

What grander lives would men lead, if only those stern words keep ringing in their ears continually!—"Seekest thou great things for thy self—seek them not."

Theories.



WE all have our pet theories. Even the most practical-minded of us have at one time or another mapped out our lives to suit our inclinations—and yet the pity of it all. How few realise their dreams! Inevitable fact appears and lays its iron hand on us, and we are benumbed with the hopelessness of it all, and yet the elasticity of human nature is such that we soon get accustomed to our surroundings. Our environment grows upon us and we make ourselves happy, only at the back of our minds. There is a tiny mound, the grave of our cherished theories, on which perhaps at intervals of our life, as our memory beckons to us, we lay a few fresh flowers, and once again take up the round of duties.

But to return to the question of theories. Each stage of existence leads colour to our theories. Childhood is the age of hope, when the impossible seems possible, when the fresh imagination wakes realities of visions. It is also the age of dogmatism. We know our own mind so perfectly. There are no two sides to a question. We know exactly what we shall do when we are grown up. We know how we shall act towards our children if we were in the place of our parents. We know how we shall order our households; we think we know many things, and yet when we are grown up, we do as our fathers did before us, and the only excuse we can offer is, that our environment has moulded us, or perhaps the disinclination of human nature to go against prescribed rules to hew out a path for ourselves. It is easier to go in the smooth-trodden way. In such ways theories vanish.

Youth is the age of dreams and of intolerance. We have read literature, we have read romances, and we have made rosy theories for ourselves, illusions, with which we cheat ourselves. It is an age of intolerance because we think our judgments are right. We believe that our experience of the world is enough to warrant the correctness of our opinions. How blind and how harsh is youth and yet so full of charm. The very conservative spirit endears young minds to us. And what a fund of life and the power to live and to enjoy. This is the excuse for the intolerance. They feel in themselves such a

power to battle life, that they are not tolerant of weakness. They feel in themselves the fresh ardour, strength, enthusiasm and energy that has suffered no shock or defeat and they are intolerant of what seems to them indifference and lethargy. And yet, time with its inexorable severity brushes aside everything and lays plain hard incontestable facts before us, and we are bound down by them, bound hand and foot. Who can say whether it is not the best for us.

And then comes maturity, the age of ripe experience, of wider knowledge, when we begin to doubt the wisdom of our opinions. We see things with a clearer vision, and now our theories are more practical and yet very few are realised. Fact creeps in and theories vanish.

It is curious to note that we do not make theories only for ourselves. We theorise about others, about things outside ourselves. We each have our own theory about such things, and it is very seldom that two theories agree. We are apt to make many mistakes, but it takes a strong-minded character to say that he is at fault or that he has changed his mind.

The pathos of it is that we start life with so many theories, dreams and ideals, and as circumstances affect us and as we alter we must drop our theories one by one by the roadside, and as we go along we pick up new notions and expand them till their turn comes to be consigned to oblivion.

One of our pet theories is that we imagine great things of ourselves, "we are all," as a writer puts it, "heroes or heroines in our own eyes;" we often think that when an emergency or outward event occurs, we shall rise to the event and know just what to do, but let the moment come and we are in the same plight as the people we condemn. However, theories succeed.

So much for our theories. We must dread them one by one. But they are helpful in their own way. They add a certain romance to our lives, a charm and a radiance all their own, through which we think and dream and give flight to our imaginations. But let us remember that they are theories only after all; and though we shall hold on to them as long as we can, yet we should not stick to them beyond the time of reason, for into maturity and age come wisdom, and our theories are brushed aside lightly as the summer dust. But they had served their end, though they have no "permanent place in the history of life."

H. K.

Travancore under the Ranees.*
1810—1829.

TRAVANCORE has passed through many vicissitudes of fortune and misfortune. Rulers, good, bad and indifferent came in rapid succession. One ruler would do something beneficial to the State, which in the next reign would be wholly undone by the infamous favourites of the succeeding ruler.

Before the Ranees' period of the Travancore History opens, there was a King by name Rama Varma. Though he was a very good ruler and possessed princely qualities to an uncommon degree, he was merely a puppet in the hands of his favourites. Hence there was confusion in his territory. It grew to such an extent, that it was even thought that Travancore would be annexed by the East India Company. But this was prevented by the death of Rama Varma Raja in 1810.

As there comes a calm after a storm, so there came a calm mild reign after the stormy reign of Rama Varma. This was the reign of Her Highness Sree Padmanabha Seevini, Vanchi Dharma Vardhini, Raja Rajeswari Ranee Lakshmi Bai.

Very few women have directly governed kingdoms. We hear of Sultan Rezia of the Mahomedan period and Ahalya Bai of the Mahratta period. History has impartially recorded the virtues and the good deeds of the aforesaid queens. During their reigns prosperity reigned throughout their kingdoms and their people were contented and happy. Even so was the condition of Travancore during the administration of the two Ranees, whose reign we are intending to speak of.

In India women have always remained under subjection. The inmates of Royalty have been compelled to observe strict 'purdah' system, and not allowed to see the light of day. No doubt they are endowed with uncommon intelligence; but what is this to them? In nine cases out of ten, their intelligence has been allowed to wither away in the zenana rooms. Travancore also had its 'gosha' system. There were also many other superstitions. The female members of the Royal family were not allowed to see Europeans face to face and converse with them.

* Most of the facts are taken from Mr. Sankunny Menon's Travancore History.

As has been said before, the next legitimate heir to the throne of Travancore after the demise of H. H. Rama Varma Maharaja, was H. H. Lakshmi Bai. First, there was some opposition to her accession to the throne. A collateral brother of hers put forth his claims to the 'Gadi,' but Ranee Lakshmi received the British Resident, Col. Munro, in an open Durbar (a bold act for a woman indeed! as Conservatives of those days said) and informed him that, however unable and reluctant she might be to rule the kingdom, she would not allow the line of sovereignty to be passed over to another house as long as there was a living member of the legitimate house in existence. This was very encouraging to Col. Munro, who heartily espoused the cause of the Rani, who was soon formally proclaimed the Maharani of Travancore. Thus by her own efforts the old superstition prevailing in the Royal house regarding social intercourse with Europeans was removed.

The Rani was only twenty years of age when she ascended the throne. She was a woman of culture, was gifted with a good judgment and was sagacious enough to discern what was good for the welfare of her kingdom. She was married to Raja Raja Varma Coil Tampuran, who was also a learned scholar, versed well in the Shasrias of old. The chief trait in her character was her "firmness of mind and capacity of resisting all idle counsellors and keeping free from flatterers and sycophants." The first thing that the Rani did soon after her installation was to do away with the favourites of the deceased Maharaja and to extinguish the corruption which had crept into the State Service. With this view in hand she made Col. Munro her Dewan. The following extract is the translation of the speech she delivered during the Durbar:—

"........................ being a young female, quite unprepared and unqualified for such a high and respectable position, I cannot do better than place myself under the guidance and support of the Hon. East India Company, whose bosom had been an asylum for the protection of an infant like Travancore, since the time Sree Padmanabaswamy had effected an alliance with such a respectable company of the European nation. To you, Col. Munro, I entrust everything connected with my country and from this day I look upon you as my own elder brother and so I need say no more." This excited the admiration of the audience and it was settled that the talents and acquirements of the Ranee were of a very high order. Now the Ranee began to work for the improvement of the country. Her task was no easy one. The Ranee and the Dewan tried their best to restore order and good Government. The Dewan framed several new rules and regulations in accordance with the time-honoured institutes of Manu. The Courts of Appeal and the Zilla Courts were established. The Huzur Cutcherry was formed, which was then intended for the trial and punishment of the Government officials. Tahsildars were appointed over each taluq. They had to look after only Revenue duties, and the Magisterial duties were left to the Tana-Naicks.

The attention of the Government was then directed to the finances of the State. At this period the State was deeply immersed in debt. To maintain the financial equilibrium, the Dewan, Col. Munro, and the Ranee adopted efficient methods. He modified the scale of pensions for the officials and reduced other unnecessary and extravagant expenditure attendant on an Oriental Royal family. In this he had the full co-operation of H. H. the Ranee. Another great source of income was added to the State in the reign of Ranee Lakshmi Bai. From time immemorial there have been in existence in Travancore various Devaswams. The Government had no hand in the affairs of these Devaswams till Her Highness's reign. These Devaswams possessed large estates whose income was enormous. Observing the enormous income of these estates, the Ranee's Government thought of taking over the management of the affairs of the Devaswams into its hands; and after consultation with the Dewan, it did so. This step caused an increase of Revenue to the State, for after meeting the expenses of the Devaswams a large surplus money was left every year which was duly added to the State exchequer.

After replenishing the State Coffers, the Government turned its attention to the financial condition of the subjects. The taxes on land were not unnecessarily increased; and on the other hand such retrograde measures as poll-tax, tax on net, fishing, &c., were abolished. The sons of the soil were appointed in the State Service irrespective of caste or creed. Thus the prosperity of the people was in many ways increased.

By the year 1810, after an internal disturbance, the Travancore army had almost vanished. Now two Nair battalions and one cavalry corps were organised and put under efficient and well-trained European officers. The defence of the country was in a manner secured by this step, and the internal troubles which had been ripe in the preceding reigns became entirely extinct. The country made rapid progress in every direction. The people all were prosperous and happy. At this time a son was born to Her Highness the Maharani. Shortly after his birth he was proclaimed the Maharaja of Travancore, while the Ranee governed the kingdom as Regent.

In 1815 Her Highness gave birth to another Prince and two months after this she died to the

great sorrow of her subjects. And Travancore was deprived of the wise rule of a sagacious and far-seeing ruler.

(To be continued.)

Conversations with my second self.

I WONDER if the reader ever indulges in such chats. At times they are the most delightful day-dreams possible. But are they only dreams? I am not speaking of just the flashing of thought across your mind—a thought, which is comprehensive and takes in so many things at a glance, but I mean articulate thought, real and true conversations such as you would hold with your friends. But the charm is this—you invest your mind with another personality of your own creation, and you think out subjects in set words and phrases, while all the time your second self criticises you or favours you!

. . . .

Sometimes I am in a very fanciful mood. I think I am in the land of fairy godmothers and genii. Everything I wish for is at my command. While my mind revels in imaginary flight, my second self, which has suddenly become very practical, calmly steps in with her aspect of every-day life and my dreams and fancies fade far away, dissolve and leave me in the midst of disenchanted daily life, thanks to my very practical-minded monitor; such is discipline. Too many sweets prove harmful.

. . . .

On a lonely winter evening as the chill blasts were screaming round the windows, I have sat beside my cosy fire and past memories have risen up and confronted me. Days of my childhood, when my brothers and sisters and I used to go gambolling about in the garden—happy memories. No shadow of care or thought, perhaps a childish quarrel, a little resentment, but soon forgotten in the pleasure of the moment. Then again, days at school, companionship with girls of my own age, the entering into studies, the first glow felt in mastering difficulties, the delight in reading literature and history, the full sweet friendship of school days and all the memories of school life. And then came the dreams of youth. Ideals were many and grand, life was a rosy pathway, every human being we came in contact with was divine. The seriousness of life was just being felt, when the first disenchantment brought with it suffering and sorrow. Then came the understanding of the deeper truths of life. It was not all sunshine. There were more of clouds and more of darkness, the shadows lifted only when the star of love and sympathy rose on the darkened world. Is there any end to old memories, as we sit and review the past years? The subtle flames in the fire, the deep-hearted, glowing embers seem to help us in our imaginations. At such times, I found my second self—my most dear friend. She would sit and sympathise with me, piece out the old memories, fill out the narratives, recall old conversations, thread the golden threads of past experience, till I felt as if I were speaking out my thought aloud to a friend. It is a delightful experience. It is a solitude that is eloquent with feeling, with the voices of the past calling, calling to you and tugging at your heart strings, when the present becomes a dream and the past a reality.

. . . .
. . . .

At times come moment of self-torture and self-pity. What is the cause of such a mood? Some trivial disappointment, reproach or blame, or something which has caused you annoyance and suffering. We feel that the world is against us. We feel that there is no place for us in the Universe. Everything seems dark and gloomy. Then comes the self-pity. We feel that we are misunderstood by the people around us. We feel that they are doing us injustice. In such a strain the mind works till it has multiplied difficulties and made real and substantial mountains out of mere nothings, and then it is truly pitiable. At such a time my second self acts as a good strong tonic. It takes the view of the looker-on. It sneers at your difficulties. It laughs at your morbid sentimentality. It holds up to scorn your touchiness. It shows you where you are at fault. It tells you that this misery arose because the *Ego* filled your eye and all other things could not be seen. It makes you feel your small-mindedness to such an extent that you become heartily ashamed of yourself, and once this feeling is aroused, the mind gets into a healthy state again! Such are some of the onerous duties of my second self.

. . . .
. . . .

And then what ideals my second self places before me,—ideals of service and self-sacrifice, into which enters the divine joy of helping others, of bringing one little ray of light into the darkness of sorrow, of making the burden of human lives just a little easier. Can I ever hope to realise them? Will the music of mine own life be set to such a measure as to enable me to bring music to the lives of others? But my

second self at such times of despondency is the spirit of hope itself. How sweet it is to feel that when disappointments come and you see your ideals crumbling into dust before your sight, that you have one sympathetic friend beside you— And for such a friend, you have not far to seek. It is there in you—

. . . .

Some people find solitude irksome. Their thoughts prove too heavy for them, and they rush into the vortex of amusement and society to distract their attention. Others again are happy with their own thoughts, not because they have not felt the fire of sorrow, but because the former are still struggling for light and self-control, while the latter have fought and conquered. They have learnt the art of suppressing self and thinking of others. But here I am going off at a tangent. But my excuse is, that when one has got into the habit of conversations with one's second self, one gets into the way of discussions on all sorts and conditions of things, and hence solitude cannot prove irksome or lonely.

And yet,

> "The common problem,—yours,—mine;—every one's—
> Is—not to fancy what were fair in Life
> Provided it could be;—but, finding first
> What may be, then find how to make it fair
> Up to our means:—a very different thing!
> No abstract, intellectual plan of Life
> Quite irrespective of Life's plainest Laws—
> But one a man, who is man and nothing more,
> May lead."

AN INDIAN LADY.

Our Christmas trip to Hampe.

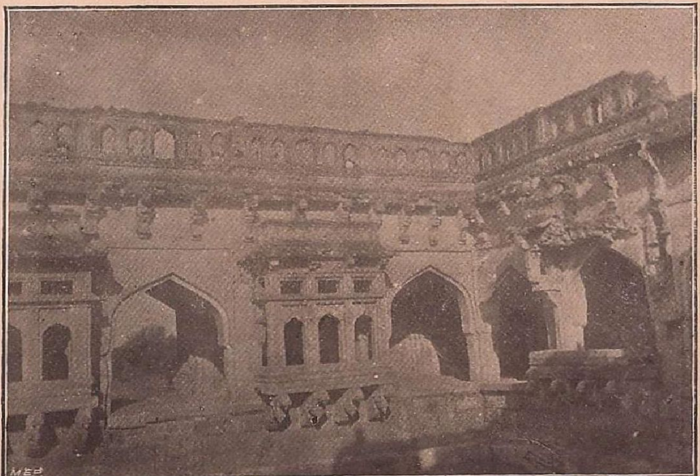
HAVING read about the wonderful city of Vijianugger and heard of the interesting ruins of that ancient capital, we were very anxious to see it for ourselves, and so determined to go there for the Christmas holidays. The place is usually known as Hampe, that being the name of the little fever-stricken village in one corner of the site of the ancient city.

We went by train a little north-west of Bellary to Hospet station, and from there it is 7 miles to the traveller's bungalow at the village of Kamalapur, near the beginning of the ruins. The road is quite good enough for bicycling or for bullock-coaches or carts. We used our bicycles a great deal when going about to see the ruins, but the roads are in many places mere cart-tracks, and by the time we left we felt equal to doing any sort of trick-riding on our cycles. However, they saved a great deal of time and also fatigue. The ideal way of getting about at Hampe would of course be on horse-back. The bungalow was an old disused Hindu temple, but was converted some time ago to its present use. All supplies have to be taken, though some can be obtained from the Refreshment Room at Hospet station by previous arrangement.

The great Hindu Empire of Vijianugger flourished about 400 years ago. It is almost forgotten now, but it once ruled over all Southern India from Malabar to the Coromandel Coast, and from the Deccan to Cape Comorin, even receiving tribute from Ceylon. It rose from the small principality of Anegundi, quite suddenly, when the Mohammedans from the north first threatened to overrun the whole of the south of the peninsula. Its war-like kings stemmed the tide of invasion for 250 years and gained immense power and wealth in a surprisingly short time. But alas! largely through the pride and arrogance of its kings, the fall of the Vijianugger Empire was even more dramatically sudden than its rise. All that remains of it now is the small Zemindari of Anegundi just in the Hyderabad territory, close to its former capital, Vijianugger, the City of Victory.

This is now entirely in ruins and there remains little of its once splendid buildings. The ruins cover many miles of country, for the city extended 10 miles in one direction and 12 in another, and had 7 great lines of fortifications. Hospet itself was once a suburb of the huge city and was built by its greatest king, Krishna Deva Raya, in honour of his queen, and called after her, Nagalapur. It was connected with the city by miles of orchards, gardens, great houses, and roads lined with avenues. All the palaces had beautiful gardens, but there is no trace of them now.

Vijianugger is situated in a most curious country with little hills formed of masses of granite boulders dotted about in every direction, some of them two or three hundred feet high. They look as though some great giant had hurled the rocks about in play, or in fits of rage, they are piled in such fantastic confusion. Strips of cultivated land lie between these stony hills, green with waving sugar-cane crops and paddy-fields. All about the stony rock hills, through the cultivation, are scattered ruins of temples, pavilions, elephant stables, a House of Victory elaborately carved with spirited representations of warriors, dancing-girls, dwarfs, gods, camels, horses and elephants. Masses of ruined and overthrown carved pillars and temples are on every side. The whole is bounded with mountains blue as cobalt and indigo.



SCENES FROM HAMPE.

SCENES FROM HAMPE.

On one side of the site of the huge ruined city wanders the great river Tungabadra, its banks, a mass of rocks and boulders and slippery slabs of stone, shelved round with rock-cut temples and pillared stone court-yards and vestibules, bathing ghats and carved work of men's hands; some elaborate, some rude; all more or less incomplete, and now festooned with nature's disintegrating trees, shrubs and creepers. Along these banks is shown the spot where Sita is supposed to have dropped her jewels when she was being carried through the air by Ravana, the demon king of Ceylon, and the cave in which Sugriva kept them.

Here also is the place from which they say Rama shot the arrow from Siva's bow to show his strength, and the mountain, some way off, out of which he is said to have shot a piece, is clearly to be seen. The country all about Hampe is full of interest to readers of the Ramayana, for most learned men are agreed that near it is the traditional site of Kishkunda, where so many dramatic scenes in the great epic took place. The little monkeys, that scamper about the temples, and the bigger black-faced grey lungurs, that play about the ruined walls in the evenings, are supposed to be the descendants of the brothers Sugriva and Vali respectively.

One evening we climbed a wonderful hill on the top of which was a little temple rendered sacred as the dwelling-place of the holy rishi, Matanga, to whom Sugriva fled from Vali. The hill to this day is called Matanga Parvatam. Such a climb it is to the top! We toiled up and over 300 granite slabs of steps, huge masses piled with marvellous neatness. Up we went, round corners and over boulders, with no protection in several places, and a sheer fall on either side of 20 or 30 feet to stony ravines below. It was a climb which required a steady head and sure footing. At the top we were rewarded by a gorgeous Deccan sunset flaming beyond purple hills, green sugar-cane fields and groves of palms and tamarinds. The sky was of molten gold and crimson with calm lakes of pale-green between, flecked with rose-leaf cloudlets, floating away, away into an ocean of deepest, darkest blue. It was unspeakably beautiful, as,

> "The splendour fell on castle walls,
> The long light shook across the lake and died
> in the rich sky,
> Fainting on hill, and field, and river."

As we sat high above the surrounding country in the glorious evening light, we looked round in every direction on the ruins of palaces, and temples, and wide streets spread out below us, and could well imagine what a magnificent city it must have been 400 years ago, before the terrible havoc worked on it by the Mohamedans. In five months they had left hardly one stone upon another of that immense and gorgeous city. A truly awful revenge for the incessant fighting and sturdy resistance kept up for 250 years against their incursions by the Hindu kings who ruled this proudly named "City of Victory." The end came after a great pitched battle at Talikota, between the Mohammedan and Hindu powers, when the latter were utterly defeated, and the Vijianugger king fled from the city, with 550 elephants laden with treasure, valued at over a hundred millions sterling. "Never perhaps in the history of the world has such havoc been wrought, and wrought so suddenly, on so splendid a city; teeming with a wealthy and industrious population in the full plenitude of prosperity one day, and on the next seized, pillaged and reduced to ruins amid scenes of horror beggaring description."

Two of the earliest Europeans to visit Vijianugger have left us graphic descriptions of its splendours in the height of its power, under Krishna Deva Raya, 40 years before its sudden and awful fall. Mr. Sewell has brought these old chronicles to light in his book, "A Forgotten Empire", and most interesting they are. It is curious, when looking at the desolate, lonely, barren spot now, to recall the descriptions of the bustling life of its crowded bazaar, the splendid buildings and fertile gardens and the magnificence and power of its king and his nobles. One chronicle describes "a street as wide as a place of tourney, with both sides lined throughout with rows of houses and shops where they sell everything, and all along this road are many trees that the king commanded to be planted, to afford shade to those that pass along . . . . In this street live many merchants and there you will find all sorts of rubies and diamonds, emeralds, pearls and seed-pearls and cloths, and every other sort of thing there is on earth that you may wish to buy. There you have every evening a fair where they sell many horses, and also many citrons and limes and oranges and grapes, and every other kind of garden-stuff . . . . The streets and markets are full of laden oxen without count, so that you cannot get along for them . . . The people in this city are countless in number, so much that I do not wish to write it down for fear it should be thought fabulous, but I declare that no troops, horse or foot, could break their way through any street or lane, so great are the numbers of the people and the elephants. The size of this city I do not write here, because it cannot all be seen from one spot, but I climbed a hill whence I could see a great part of it; I could not see it all, because it lies between several ranges of hills. What I saw from thence seemed to me as large as Rome, and very beautiful to the sight; there are many groves of trees within it in the gardens of the

houses, and many conduits of water, which flow into the midst of it, and in places there are lakes; and the king has close to his palace a palm-grove and other rich-bearing fruit trees."

The chronicle tells of "800 elephants and 500 horses attached to the king's own person," of two million fighting men "in consequence of which he is the most feared of any king in those parts," of cavalry decked with silk, damask, brocade and velvet and wearing on their foreheads jewelled silver plates; and of the throne of state made of jewel-studded golden plates, and panelled with figures of wrought gold, set with more jewels. It describes the gorgeous temples and great public buildings, the king's palace decorated with ivory and wonderful carving, the king's harem numbering 12,000 women, the maids of honour, wearing such a weight of gold and precious stones that they could scarcely walk, the king's pages, who carried his betel, his sword and the insignia of state, all of them king's sons. One room in the palace had "pillars of carved stone; this room is all of ivory, as well the chamber as the walls from top to bottom .... On one side is designed in painting all the ways of life of the men who have been here, even down to the Portuguese, from which the king's wives can understand the manner in which each lives in his own country, even to the blind and the beggars."

There is a graphic description of the king's magnificence in one of the processions at a festival, and the chronicler remarks that "to try and tell of all I saw is hopeless, for I went along with my head so often turned from one side to the other that I was almost falling backwards off my horse with my senses lost."

Looking at the ruin and desolation of the place only four centuries later, one might be tempted to think all these marvels were the outcome of an exuberant imagination, but they are all confirmed by other writers and travellers, and the only things that survive to the present day of all he tells about, the coracles, are most accurately described. These basket-boats cross the Tungabadra now just as they did then. He says, "People cross in boats which are round like baskets; inside they are made of cane and outside are covered with leather; they are able to carry 15 to 20 persons and even horses and oxen can cross in them if necessary, but for the most part these animals swim across. Men row them with a sort of paddle, and the boats are always turning round as they cannot go straight like others."

It is impossible in a short sketch like this to give more than a cursory notion of such curious and interesting ruins as the Vijianugger, or of the war-like history of the Empire, or the splendours of its capital in the days of its prosperity. But to any one who cares for Indian history, the page of it to be found in Mr. Sewell's book will be most interesting reading. The old narratives of the travellers of those days, in the same book, should be read in full to gain an adequate idea of the wonderful and magnificent "City of Victory," which in the words of a Persian ambassador who visited it a hundred years before its fall, was "such that the pupil of the eye has never seen a place like it and the ear of intelligence has never been informed that there existed anything to equal it in the world."

K. M. Rohde.

The Story of a Temptation.

PURANUR is a small sea-side resort about twenty miles from the large town, Parsapur. It is chiefly inhabited by fishermen; but, by the sea, almost on the beach and at some distance from that quarter of the village where the fishermen live, are several small, but comfortable-looking houses, nestling snugly in dark clumps of trees, built for the accommodation of those who would seek change of air and quiet in this peaceful little village. All day long and all night long, the waves break upon the pebbly shore; and a deep calm and peace seem to brood over the village, broken, but not disturbed, by the noise of the waves, sometimes breaking into a thundering roar, and sometimes loosing itself in a soft murmur, wonderfully sweet, yet carrying with it a deep suggestion of the Infinite and Eternal. This silent peace is especially felt where the bungalows are. Occasionally some fishermen come to fish in that part of the sea which is before the bungalows, and sometimes when the night is clear, the busy hum of the village is heard distinctly. But otherwise the beautiful quiet is very seldom disturbed; for, notwithstanding the advantages of the place, very few come to seek a change in Puranur, except sometimes in summer; and the little bungalows are generally left unoccupied. But early one morning in November, a bullock cart rumbled up to one of the bungalows, and a prettily dressed native Christian lady, stepping out of it, helped a gentleman to alight. He looked like an invalid recovering his health; and his form was shrunken, and his face thin and haggard; but for all that it was a fine face. Full of power and intellect, the features had a mobility and a vivacity which were very striking; and his prominent jaws and firmly closed mouth showed that he was a man of energy, and just then this seemed the most striking feature of his face. The lady was very good-looking and she also appeared to be very energetic. She was small and slightly

MARY.

See "A story of a Temptation."

formed, and her face had a very sweet and confiding look. Her large clear eyes were well-opened and bright and generally full of fun and merriment, and her mouth was very expressive and curved upwards in a pleasant smile. Altogether they formed a most attractive couple.

After their luggage was brought into the house, the lady and the gentleman stood for a moment outside, examining the place and admiring the scenery; and then they went into the house, where they established themselves as if intending to stay there a long time. They stopped in the village for about a month, and every day, under the influence of the beneficent sea-breeze and the quiet, the man seemed to be improving in health. Often he and his wife sat out on the beach, looking at the sea; sometimes they had a sail on the water, and very often they sat on the verandah of their house and watched the beautiful scenery around. Extending right from the narrow belt of gravel and green grass, which bounded the compound of the bungalow, was a wide waste of white sand, spreading silent and desolate on either side, sometimes glittering like silver under the fierce rays of the tropical sun, or looking whiter than ever under the pale light of the moon. Far away to the right of this were chains upon chains of grand mountains, rearing their lofty heads into the clear air, like gigantic blue lines drawn against the horizon. To the left, a narrow canal, coming from beyond the village, cut the beach and joined the sea, between two high banks of white sand; and it was through this that passage was possible into or out of the sea, for at this part of the coast, the surf was very rough. Beyond this canal was the real village consisting chiefly of picturesque-looking little huts, forming quite a rural picture and presenting a great contrast to the bungalows on the other side of the water. In front, the leaping, foaming waves tumbled one after another on the beach in wild confusion; and the heaving water extended far away in blue undulating lines, till it seemed to mix with the horizon. Sometimes the sea was as smooth as a lake, its surface gently broken by little ripples; sometimes in stormy weather, it tossed and foamed like some gigantic animal in pain, while the majestic, foam-covered waves broke one upon another in turbulent dignity. Often the monotony of the water would be broken by a vessel gaily steaming across; and the strangers, who were charmed with the scenery, and were never tired of looking at it, took a special delight in watching the course of the steamer. The gentleman was rapidly improving in health, and his face and expression showed it; but there were times when a slightly weary look would come into his eyes and he would appear as if he were tired with himself and the world. But this generally passed away soon, and he exerted himself again to be happy and gay, especially under the bright influence of his wife, who was never still, but always engaged herself in something and was generally full of health and good spirits.

Mr. John Gopal Rao was a clerk in the chief bank of Parsapur. He drew a very small salary, and his wife found it very difficult to make both ends meet. But Mr. Gopal Rao worked hard and his superiors were kind to him and he was not without some hopes of being promoted soon. But just when these hopes were brightest, a great blow came upon them. Mr. Gopal Rao was a conscientious worker, and he kept his accounts regularly, but somehow it was found that they were wrong; and the managers, in spite of themselves, were forced to think that Mr. Gopal Rao had embezzled some of the money entrusted to him. A month of agony and misery then ensued for the poor clerk, and then he managed to clear himself from the suspicion. But the unhappiness he had passed through brought on an attack of high delirious fever, and his life was even despaired of. But he recovered from his illness, and at the same time recovered his good name; for the managers discovered the mistake and apologised to him for their suspicion. But he had not been promoted and he was too weak to continue his work. The doctor peremptorily ordered a change; and Mr. and Mrs. Gopal Rao somehow scraped together the money needed for their trip and went to Puranur, for that was the nearest quiet place to the town where they lived.

The time was drawing near for the end of the pleasant time they had spent in the quiet little village, and Mr. Gopal Rao's heart was heavy at the thought of his having to go back again to the same dull and poorly-paid work. One day, an official-looking letter was given into his hands, and he opened it in fear and trepidation, afraid that the managers might have found something wrong again with his accounts. But as soon as he read a few lines, his countenance lighted up with joy and he called eagerly to his wife.

"Mary, Mary," he cried, "come here. Just look at this letter which the managers have written to me. It is just wonderful."

She came running up, and he began to read the letter to her, his eyes full of happiness all the time. The managers apologised to him again and they said, "in consideration of the unhappiness our mistake must have caused you, and because of the hard and satisfactory work we see you have been doing, we promote you to a higher work."

They had raised him to the post of an assistant secretaryship to the bank, a very responsible post as it then was, and Mr. Gopal Rao felt very happy at the confidence reposed in him. But there was something more in the letter, and when he came to it at last his countenance fell, and he looked very disappointed.

"O Mary!" he cried, "just look at this. They want Rs. 2,000 as a security in my name, before I take up the work. How can I give them the money, Mary? From where am I to get it?"

"You have no money in the bank, have you?" She asked.

"No, I have no money at all in the bank. We have not been able to save anything. I am afraid we have been spending too much lately."

"Could you not borrow from anyone?" she asked, but rather hesitatingly.

"Borrow!" he cried almost angrily. "You know I am determined not to borrow. I do not want to be indebted to anyone, Mary. Our life will cease to be beautiful as soon as we burden ourselves with the cares of debt. We two have held out bravely till now and we will not give in at the last."

She answered nothing, but there came a curious look into her face, a look half of fear and half of relief. The rest of the day passed gloomily, though they both tried to be as happy and as unconcerned as usual. But their efforts were a failure. Even Mary's spirits were damped; but she looked more thoughtful than unhappy. She appeared to be revolving some project in her mind; and that night after they went to bed and her husband had fallen into a fitful, uneasy sleep, she lay awake in the dark, and thought, for she did have a plan in her mind. She was not feeling quite easy in her mind, for she had been deceiving her husband about a certain thing. When he fell ill and was ordered to take a change they had no money in their hands for the trip. But Mary said she would sell a small jewel of hers and get the money, and he had unwillingly consented. But the jewel had only fetched Rs. 25, and they wanted more money. And she had, without telling her husband, borrowed Rs. 100, from a man, well-to-do, whom she looked upon as a friend. She would not have borrowed the money, but for her anxiety about her husband. The doctor had said to her that Mr. Gopal Rao must have a change immediately, or he would get a relapse, and he would not answer for the consequences. Mary would have told her husband what she had done, if it had not been for his hatred of debt. She knew his principles on that point and was afraid he might come to despise her; and besides she was sure she would save the 100 rupees and pay the debt back at once. But now, another temptation was before her. The moment she had heard about the needed security of Rs. 2,000, her mind had at once suggested to her the possibility of borrowing the money; and she had been thinking of the plan ever since. Why should she not borrow the money, she thought. She would pay it back in instalments as soon as she could, and the man from whom she intended to borrow would never press her for the money. He was her true friend and her husband would know nothing about the debt. Besides, if he did not get the money, he would remain in the old work and would worry himself with all sorts of thoughts, and he might even get a relapse of the fever; and the doctor had specially warned her of that. "Yes, I shall borrow the money," she thought. "There is no other way out of it. And it is all for his sake. We shall be getting more money hereafter, and I could pay back the debt soon. And when it is all paid back, I shall tell him. It is all for his sake"; and she fell into a calm sleep.

Two days after that, they had to leave the little village and go back to Parsapur. Arrived there, Mr. Gopal Rao went to his old work again, with a heart all the heavier for the hopes he had had of a higher post. His wife, far from being anxious to keep him at home, was rather glad when he went away, for she meant to take advantage of his absence. She sent a letter to Mr. W......, the man who had lent her the Rs. 100, and asked him to come to her at once; and he obeyed her call as soon as he could. He was a dark, sinister-looking man, with furtive eyes, which never looked one straight in the face; and it was seldom that he smiled, except ironically. When he heard that Mary wished to borrow from him Rs. 2,000, an evil look came into his face; but Mary never noticed it. She borrowed the money and felt very happy in the thought of having been of service to her husband; for she was a simple thoughtless woman with very little experience of the evil ways of the world.

The next day she took the money to her husband.

"Here are Rs. 2,000," she said, "the security money. You can pay it to the managers and enter upon your work at once."

"Two Thousand Rupees?" he said, recoiling in surprise. "Why Mary! Where could you manage to get so much money? You,—you have not borrowed it, have you, Mary?"

"N—no," she answered, "I have not borrowed it. I know how you dislike a debt."

"Oh, I know you will not borrow the money, dear," he replied. "I only wanted to be sure. But how could you get the money?"

"I got it in some way. Why do you want to know it?"

But her husband persisted, knowing her thoughtlessness, and he had the stronger will. So at last, Mary said,

"Well, if you must know, I got it from my father."

"That means you borrowed it from him."

"No, no, he gave it to me as a present. You know he did not give me much money when I was married. I wrote to him about our trouble, and he said he would give the money as a present,

especially as he is very successful now in his work and many clients are coming to him."

"But, Mary, I do not want to be indebted even to your father, for any kindness."

"You are not indebted to him at all. He has given the money to me; and I have given it to you."

"Well, to please you, I shall take the money this time. But do not ask money from him again, Mary. It is very kind of him all the same. I must write and thank him for it."

"No, no," cried out Mary in sudden terror. "He will not like it. He is such a strange man. He wants to do a kindness without its being taken notice of."

"Why, Mary!" he cried in surprise. "How frightened you look! What if I thank your father for the money? It was very good of him to give it to us."

"No, no, for my sake, please do not do that. He will not like it."

"Alright dear. Do not be so anxious about it. What a queer girl you are, with such strange ideas, and frightened about the least thing."

The security money was paid and Mr. Gopal Rao became assistant secretary in the bank. He got back the confidence of the managers and felt very happy. But Mary was not so bright and happy as before. She felt very guilty when she thought of the deception she was practising on her husband, but she felt as if there was no way out of it. She was so afraid he would despise her, if she told him of how she had borrowed the money, and then had added a lie to hide her disobedience. And she found she was deceived in the man from whom she had borrowed the debt. She had thought Mr. W...... was her friend, for he always appeared so anxious to please her. But, in reality, he was no true friend, and she found it out gradually. He liked her well enough, but he hated her husband. Mr. Gopal Rao despised Mr. W......, and took no pains to hide his dislike; and the latter wanted to be revenged for his open scorn of him. And the reason he was so ready to lend the money to Mary was that he wished to have a hold on her and through her on her husband. He was now very pressing in his demand for the promised instalments, threatening every time they were not paid to betray the whole thing to Mr. Gopal Rao. Mary stinted herself in every way, but she found it very difficult to pay the instalments in time. Her husband was very fond of her, and now that his salary was raised, he increased the house expenditure. Mr. and Mrs. Gopal Rao lived half in English and half in Native style. Their drawing room was a combination of the two styles, and even in their dress it was the same. He would sometimes wear the native dress and sometimes the English dress; and she would sometimes wear the long-sleeved jacket, and sometimes, when the fancy took her, dress in the half-jacket, which the Hindu women always wear. In the manner of taking their meals also they alternated between the two styles. One day they would sit at the table and eat with spoons and forks; and another day they would squat on the ground and eat with their fingers from plantain leaves. A great deal of money was required for this way of life; but Mr. Gopal Rao could not understand how Mary could spend the money so fast. He knew she was thoughtless and often remonstrated with her for her lavish expenditure.

"Why, Mary," he would often say, "How you do spend money to be sure! Why, dear, it was just the other day that I gave you Rs. 20, and have you spent it all already?" Then poor Mary, who was in reality saving from the money to pay her debt, would pout and look ashamed; and he would relent at once and say,

"There, there, Mary, do not look sorry, dear. I never meant it. I shall give you some more money. Only you must try and save something. Suppose I die to-morrow, what will you do?"

"Hush, hush, how can you talk like that. If you die, I should not care to live."

"But, supposing it were to happen. Never mind, Mary. Here is Rs. 15 for you. And I want you to buy something for yourself. I give you money for yourself and you always spend it away. Christmas is coming near, and you must get yourself a new *sari*."

Mr. W...... was a very unscrupulous man, and he never thought of the inconvenience he was causing to others, if he only satisfied himself. He liked the society of Mary, who was very pretty and could, if she chose, talk very brightly; and he began to frequent Mr. Gopal Rao's house a great deal. His manner also towards Mary became very familiar, and he would talk so insolently to her, even in the presence of others, that she often felt inclined to order him out of the room. But knowing, as she did, the unscrupulous nature of the man, she never dared to do that. He would come to see her and sit in the drawing-room for hours and talk all sorts of ill-natured gossip, and she would have to sit and listen, though she specially hated foolish gossip of any kind. Mr. Gopal Rao, who disliked the very presence of the man, often asked her to send him away, but she was afraid to do so; and he frequented her house more and more and even began to seek private interviews with her.

One day, when he was specially pressing in his demands for the payment of an instalment, Mary, in despair, took one of her best jewels, a pretty necklace, and gave it to him instead of the money; and felt rather relieved in her mind. But that evening her husband noticed that she did not wear the necklace, for it was a favourite of his,

and she had been in the habit of wearing it always to please him, and he asked her about it. Mary did not know what to say and at last stammered out,

"I—I lent it to a friend. She said she had no jewels and wanted to wear mine for a social gathering."

"What a thoughtless child you are, Mary. And now I suppose you will never get it back again, for I know you will not ask her for it."

"I shall ask for it after a time; and besides, she will give it to me herself."

"You must be more careful, dear, in the future. That is your best jewel. You must get it back again. And, by the way, Mary, I wrote to your father, thanking him for the sum of Rs. 2,000 he lent us. I am sorry I did it after such a long time. I......; Why, Mary, what is the matter with you? Why are you so frightened?"

Mary's heart had given a great bound when she heard that he had written to her father. Now she thought her husband would find out everything about her deception, for she had never written to her father about the money. Her heart stood still for a moment and then beat with frightful rapidity. She felt half-suffocated. It would take five days for the letter to reach her father, who was in a far-away town, and five days to get his answer back again. And then—. But she must tell her husband herself everything before that. That would be the best plan. She ought to tell him now. Ah! but she could not do that. She would wait two or three days and then tell him. So thinking, she calmed herself with a great effort, for her husband was looking at her in surprise, and she made some excuse for her fright.

The days passed now even more miserably than before for Mary. Every day she wanted to confide everything to him, and every day she drew back. She knew he would forgive her; but he was such a stern man, with such high principles, that she was afraid he might come to despise her, and she could not bear that. And she was so afraid that that man would betray her. He was so unscrupulous, she never could tell what he might do. While she was in this miserable state, about five days after he had written to her father, Mr. Gopal Rao burst into the room with excitement in his face.

"Mary, Mary," he called, "come here. Do you know what has happened?"

Her heart stood still in terror. She thought the moment had come and he knew everything.

"Mary," he cried, "Do you know who has done that injury to me?"

"What injury?" she asked in half-suffocated tones and then stopped, for she could not go on.

"Why that accusation about the bank money. You know that because the money in my desk was less than what it ought to have been, according to my account-books, the managers suspected that I had stolen it. But afterwards they found that some one had tampered with my desk, and they knew that it could not be myself. So my name was cleared. Now they have found out who has taken the money. It is —. Why Mary dear, how pale you are. I thought you were going to faint. Calm yourself, Mary. My name is all cleared now. The man is —. But you are looking very ill. Shall I continue?"

"Yes, yes, go on."

"It is Mr. W......, who comes so often here."

"Are you sure?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, yes, I am quite sure. And I am going to prosecute him for his conduct. That man is a thief and he wants to spoil my character."

"Surely, you will not do that," she cried. "He has got two little children to look after. And he says he is so poor too. If you prosecute him, he will be punished."

"Yes, he will be punished. And he well deserves it."

"But suppose he was driven to take your money by need."

"I am not so hard-hearted, Mary, as to condemn a man only for one fault. But I find now that this man has been doing ever so many things just like this. And he ought to be prevented from injuring others."

"But, please, do not prosecute him. For my sake, please do not."

"Why, for your sake, Mary! What is he to you?"

"No, it is for your own sake. That man writes for newspapers, and who knows what he might be saying against you?"

"And I want to prevent that. You know sometime ago there were some things in the newspaper against me. I find that this man has written them; and I am going to stop it once for all."

"But, will you not listen to me, just for once?"

"No, no, Mary, he is a bad, wicked man. He must be punished. And I intend telling him never to put his foot into our house again. Such a hypocrite he is, a cowardly sneak, you must not plead for him any more." And he went out of the room.

Left alone, Mary stood rooted to the ground, for a moment, in terror, and then fell into a chair.

"Oh! he would do it," she thought. "He would tell my husband everything. I must prevent that and tell him myself. Never mind the consequences;" and she rose to find her husband. But he had left the house and gone back again to the office; for he had left his work suddenly and rushed to her to tell the news.

The next day, Mr. W..... found out what had happened and at once came to Mary. He threatened to betray her, if she did not plead for

him and save him. She told him that she had already done the former, but for no purpose. "And Mr. W......," she said, "there is very little more to pay you now. I have all the money ready. Please do not tell my husband."

"No, I will tell him," he answered; "I shall not take the money."

The next day, Mary tried again to make her husband change his mind; but for no purpose. He was determined to institute proceedings in the Court, and he called a lawyer to begin the preliminary steps. Mary was now anxious to tell him everything; but she found no opportunity to do so that day. And that evening what she dreaded happened. Mr. W...... betrayed her. He wrote a letter to Mr. Gopal Rao, explaining everything. The latter read it and was thunderstruck for a moment. Then he called his wife to him, and she came.

"Mary," he cried, "Mary, do you know what there is in this letter?"

She stood with her eyes downcast and limbs trembling.

"Mary, that man dares to make all sorts of accusations against you. He says you told him all sorts of things about me, that you hate me, and that you gave him a necklace of yours to make him keep silence. O Mary, what have you done to make him say all that against you?"

She lifted her head with pride and replied—

"I never said anything of that sort. How dare that man speak such lies?"

"Then, why did you give him that necklace; and you told me you had lent it to a girl friend of yours. And why did you look so stunned and ashamed just now."

"It was not that. I thought it was another thing altogether."

"What other thing? Tell it to me."

She told him the whole story and he listened in silence, his face clearing and appearing relieved with every word of hers. Now and then, when she stumbled or looked appealingly at him, he soothed her with a caress or a loving word. There was not much to tell after all. She had exaggerated to herself the details, till they looked like mountains to her. When it was finished, he was silent, and then drawing her to him, said,

"Why did you not tell this to me before, Mary? Did you think I was so hard-hearted as not to forgive you? Did you think I was so stern?"

"I did it all for you; indeed I did, and I was so ashamed of my deception and so afraid you would despise me."

"You have done very wrong; but would you think I would ever despise you, Mary? I never could despise you, dear, for you are my own wife and I know your true character. You exaggerated the whole thing to yourself; and I know you did it for me."

"Yes, I did it for you. But, can you ever forgive me for my disobedience and my untruths?"

"Forgive you! Of course, I do forgive you! But now we must think of what we have to do with that man. He threatens to tell all sorts of stories about you to the public."

"Let him tell them. There will be no truth in what he says."

"Yes, let him do as he likes. We shall prosecute him in the court, and then we shall see who will believe his words."

But Mary persuaded him not to prosecute the man, and the proceedings against him were never begun. And when Mr. W...... saw what they had done, he also gave up his threats and left Mr. and Mrs. Gopal Rao alone.

As for Mr. and Mrs. Gopal Rao they resolved henceforth never to keep secrets from one another, so that in future no more misunderstandings might arise between them. And they persisted in their determination, and there never was in Indian Christian society a married couple more united or more loving and considerate towards one another than they.

Thought Reading and its Explanations.

THE feats performed by persons who call themselves Spiritualists are not in any way more remarkable than those which many anti-Spiritualists sometimes do. A gentleman called Mr. Bishop has shown that many of the phenomena attributed to Spiritualism have been nothing more than conjuror's tricks. But he himself maintained that there exist natural powers productive of the most extraordinary phenomena and performed some remarkable feats in the presence of eminent men of Science, such as Professor Huxley, Dr. Carpenter and Sir John Lubbock. Some of these experiments were performed in the presence of the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal family. He entirely disallowed any connection with what is termed Spiritualism and was of opinion that every thing could be explained on scientific considerations. We give an instance of his wonderful experiments in Thought Reading.

The following was exhibited at the Deanery, Southampton, one evening during a Meeting

of the British Association. A five pound note was taken by Sir John Lubbock, who after looking at the number replaced it without showing it to any one else. The number was 95974. Now Mr. Bishop wanted two conditions, first that Sir J. Lubbock should keep his mind fixed on the number, secondly that they both should be in contact with or close to each other. Mr. Bishop then gave out the first number correct, but hesitated a little, and then gave out three instead of five, but the three other numbers were given out correctly. We reproduce Sir John Lubbock's letter to Mr. Bishop verifying the above :—

LONDON, 25*th August*, 1882.

DEAR SIR,

As you wish me to put down what occurred with reference to the £5 note, I will not decline to do so. I took the note out of my purse, looked at the number, and replaced it without shewing it to any one else. The number was if I remember right 95974. You gave the first number right, and almost at once, then hesitated some minutes, eventually making a three, but at the same time expressing doubt. The remaining numbers you wrote down correctly. I was not conscious of giving any indication which could have guided you, and whatever the explanation may be, the experiment interested me very much.

I am, yours truly,

(Signed) JOHN LUBBOCK.

"W. IRVING BISHOP, ESQ."

"*The Deanery, Southampton.*"

This experiment was only one among a number of similar feats performed at the Deanery, the date of coin was also read by Mr. Bishop. Another remarkable case of Thought Reading was this : Canon Wilberforce was asked to think of a name which Mr. Bishop was required to find out. In this instance the hands were kept one over the other and Mr. Bishop soon gave out the word 'Rose' which was the very name the Canon was thinking of. Much discussion was carried on about these experiments of Mr. Irving Bishop. The two most usual modes of explaining such feats were 1st, that of Fraudulent Collusions ; 2ndly, Unconscious Indication by facial expression or muscular pressure.

Some remarkable experiments were performed by the children of a gentleman called Mr. Creecy. The father or one of the family usually stayed in the room, when the children were outside, a number or a name was generally fixed upon ; after a time the children were let in and asked to give out the name or the number ; in most cases they were successful. Now it was quite possible that there may have been a secret "code of signal" between the father and his children, and the experiments would therefore come under the head of Fraudulent Collusions. At Maskeline and Cook's, the famous *conjurors* of London, a blind-folded girl could announce any object taken from the spectator and held in the hands of the exhibitor. In all these cases the clue was given by the nature of the question asked. But no such explanations could apply to Mr. Bishop's experiments, because he was the sole actor, the rest of the audience being quite strangers.

There is another explanation given, viz., that of unconscious indication. Several persons are very skilful in watching the effects of what they say on the listeners and arriving at inner thoughts by the expression in the outer countenance. Even this is not sufficient to explain Mr. Bishop's feats. Because in the experiment in which the number of the bank note was given the only condition which Mr. Bishop wanted was that both Sir John Lubbock's and his own hands should be in contact with each other, moreover only thoughts of an emotional kind can be unconsciously indicated by facial expression. So we must dismiss this explanation as well.

A third explanation—the most satisfactory of all—was given in a London journal some months after, and this explanation is the only one which conforms to the conditions of a scientific hypothesis. It is based upon two considerations ; the "mechanical constitution of bodies and their solidarity, that is their connection with each other through a mechanical medium." By the first it is meant that all bodies, the brain included, consist of particles in every variety of thoughts and feelings in the mind ; there correspond a definite variety of molecular motions in the brain, and we must also remember that what appears to us vacant space is capable of transmitting motion from one body to another. Now, if these two facts are granted—as they are by all scientists—then we arrive at an easy explanation of all such phenomena. Apply this last theory to the examples of Thought Reading performed by Mr. Bishop. He wanted two conditions first that the person by whose thought Mr. Bishop was to be impressed should keep his mind definitely and strongly fixed on the word, number, place, or whatever it may be ; secondly, that there should be not necessarily contact, but close proximity, between Mr. Bishop and the person with this thought in his mind.' Now, according to the foregoing theory, the two brains for the sake of brevity, say A and B, are bodies in molecular motion ; bodies of which the melecular motions vary with the thoughts and feelings animating them ; and bodies, the molecular motions of which exert an influence on the molecular motions of the other through the motion-transmitting medium. It is no doubt most extraordinary that the influence of one brain or another should be, under any conditions, so great as to communicate a definite thought to

another without words or any other signs. Still, if no hypothesis of Fraudulent Collusion and no hypothesis of Unconscious Indication, can be candidly affirmed to afford an adequate explanation, then, in explaining the phenomena as suggested, we do nothing more than extend the application of Mutual Influence which is already practically accepted as in heat, electricity and magnetism.

The Cheltenham Ladies' College.

"Broadest streams from narrowest sources
Noblest trees from meanest seeds
Mighty ends from small beginnings,
From lowly promise lofty deeds.
Slowly moves the march of ages
Slowly grows the forest king
Slowly, to perfection, cometh
Every great and glorious thing."

SO says the poem and so may we say of every great thing in the world. The Cheltenham Ladies' College, the first of the proprietary Day Schools for Secondary education, which celebrated its Jubilee in 1904, and is well-known through Europe, was just such a gradual growth. It was at first only a school. About £2,000 were issued in shares and a large house taken in Cambray, the place of residence of the great Duke of Wellington. But the idea of a day school for girls, which was called a College, was very repugnant to the fashionable society of the town. Young ladies had their own private governesses and finishing board schools. However by arranging the studies carefully, with a due compromise to public opinion, the school gradually grew in strength. The late Miss Dorothea Beale, LL. D., of Cambridge, about whom we have been lately hearing so much, was appointed its second Principal in 1858, and held the responsible post till her death. "Gradually," in the words of Miss Beale herself, for it is from her account of the College that we take this little history "the curriculum was enlarged; specialists supplemented the work of class teachers; the numbers increased; University examiners were persuaded by the council to visit and report on the work; the College ceased to be entirely dependent on the residents of the town; boarding houses were opened; the original building was repeatedly enlarged; and, in 1874, just twenty years after its foundation, the Ladies' College, now no longer only a 'Young Ladies' College', took possession of a new building which had been erected on the site of the Royal Wells Garden, where King George III. had drunk from the healing waters." And what the school is now, we can form an idea of, from the following description :—"There are now as many as 100 rooms—some for special classes, some for general use. There are three large assembly rooms, one for the upper, one for the middle, one for the junior school. There is a large library containing about 10,000 volumes; a Natural History Museum, and a lecture theatre, which will accommodate 1,500, used for concerts, examinations and various purposes." There are also special departments. There is one for music and singing; there are studios for drawing, painting and modelling; there are also rooms for technical work. Also there is a large wing set apart in the College for science, with laboratories, and special lecture rooms. There is an observatory with two telescopes. There is also a domestic economy branch and a gymnasium for physical culture, in which the young ladies are taught by trained mistresses. There is a play-ground as well. Boarders are admitted in large numbers to the College, though it began as a day school. There are many divisions connected with the College department :—The Residential College of St. Hilda's in Cheltenham, for 50 senior students, where they prepare for the London University degrees, the Cambridge and Oxford Higher examinations, and Teachers' examinations; the hall of St. Hilda's, Oxford, for 30 students, who attend University courses and take the Honours schools; and the settlement at St. Hilda's. Shoredith, where charitable work is carried on, and ladies are trained at the school of economics, There is also a guild of old pupils, which numbers over 2,000. Here much good work is done and happy meetings are enjoyed at the biennial gatherings. There is again the Ladies' School, where pupils are prepared for the real College.

The College houses are excellent. All pupils have either private rooms or cubicles, the system of ventilation is very complete, and sick rooms and sanatoriums are provided.

In addition to intellectual and material advantages, the College has a very high moral ideal, which is to train intelligent women to take an interest in intellectual pursuits, and live a useful life, and realise their responsibilities and duties to God and their neighbours. Also learning is encouraged for its own sake. The pupils are taught that wisdom is better than riches, and that learning is to be pursued for itself, instead of for its Utilitarian benefits.

Truly a stupendous growth, this College is, is it not? And yet from what small beginnings did it arise! Our India needs many such movements, especially in these days of depressed female education. Would that brave pioneers in

this cause could arise ; and would that when any work is begun, it could be encouraged by one and all, and become successful !

Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns.

I.—QUEEN KAIKEYI'S DEMAND.

Rama shall be crowned at sunrise,
So did royal bards proclaim,
Every rite arranged and ordered,
Dasaratha homeward came,

To the fairest of his consorts,
Dearest to his ancient heart,
Came the king with eager gladness,
The joyful message to impart.

Radiant as the Lord of Midnight,
Ere the eclipse casts its gloom,
Came the old and eager monarch
Heedless of his darkening doom !

Through the shady palace garden where the peacock wandered free,
Lute and lyre poured their music, parrot flew from tree to tree,
Through the corridor of creepers,
Painted rooms by artists done,
And the halls, where scented Champak
And the flaming Asok shone,

Through the portico of splendour graced by
Silver, ivory gold,
Radiant with his thought of gladness
Walked the monarch proud and bold.

Through the lines of scented blossoms
Which by limpid waters shone,
And the rooms with seats of silver,
Ivory bench and golden throne,

Through the chamber of confection,
Where each viand wooed the taste,
Every object in profusion
As in regions of the blest,

Through Kaikeyi's inner closet
Lighted with a softened sheen,
Walked the king with eager longing,
But Kaikeyi was not seen !

With a softened heart the monarch
Vainly searched the vanished fair,
Found her not in royal chamber,
Found her not in gay parterre !

And he sought the faithful warder
Of Kaikeyi loved and lost,
She who served him with devotion
And his wishes never crost.

Spake the warder in her terror
That the queen with rage distraught,
Weeping silent tears of anguish
Had the mourner's chamber sought !

Thither flew the stricken monarch ;
And on the bare and uuswept ground,
Trembling with tumultuous passion
Was the Queen Kaikeyi found,

Like a bright and blossoming creeper
Rudely severed from the earth,
Like a fallen fair Apsara,
Beauteous nymph of heavenly birth,

Like a female forest-ranger
Bleeding from the hunter's dart,
Whom her mate the forest-monarch
Soothes with soft endearing art,

Lay the queen in tears of anguish !
And with sweet and gentle word
To the lotus-eyed lady
Softly spake her loving lord ;

" Wherefore thus, my Queen and Empress,
Sorrow-laden is thy heart,
Who with daring slight or insult
Seeks to cause thy bosom smart?

If some unknown ailment pains thee,
Evil spirit of the air,
Skilled physicians wait upon thee,
Priests with incantations fair,

If from human foe some insult,
Wipe thy tears and doom his fate,
Rich reward or royal vengeance
Shall upon thy mandate wait !

Wilt thou doom to death the guiltless,
Free whom direst sins debase,
Wilt thou lift the poor and lowly
Or the proud and great disgrace ?

Speak, and I and all my courtiers
Queen Kaikeyi's hest obey,
For thy might is boundless,
Empress, limitless thy regal sway !

Rolls my chariot-wheel revolving
From the sea to farthest sea,
And the wide earth is my empire,
Monarchs hear my proud decree,

Nations of the eastern regions
And of Sindhu's western wave,
Brave Saurashtras and the races
Who the ocean's dangers brave,

Vangas, Angas and Magadhas,
Warlike Matsyas of the west,
Kasis and the southern races,
Brave Kosalas first and best,

Nations of my world-wide empire,
Rich in corn and sheep and kine,
All shall serve my Queen Kaikeyi
And their treasures all are thine,

Speak, command thy king's obedience,
And thy wrath will melt away,
Like the melting snow of winter
'Neath the sun's reviving ray!

Blinded was the ancient husband
As she lifted up her head,
Heedless oath and word he plighted that her wish should be obeyed.
Scheming for a fatal purpose, only then Kaikeyi smiled

And by sacred oath and promise, bound the monarch ill beguiled,
Thou hast given, Dasaratha, troth and word and royal oath
Three and thirty Gods be witness, watchers of the righteous truth,
Sun and moon and stars be witness, sky and day and sable night,
Rolling worlds and this our wide Earth and each dark and unseen night,

Witness rangers of the forest, Household Gods that guard us both,
Mortal beings and immortals,—witness ye the monarch's oath

Ever faithful to his promise, ever truthful in his word,
Dasaratha grants my prayer, Spirits and the Gods have heard

Call to mind, O righteous monarch, days when in bygone strife
Warring with thy foes immortal, thou hadst almost lost thy life ;

With a woman's loving tendence, poor Kaikeyi cured thy wound
Till from death and danger rescued, thou wert by a promise bound.

Two rewards my husband offered, what my loving heart might seek,
Long delayed their wished fulfilment, now let poor Kaikeyi speak ;

And if royal deeds redeem not what thy royal lips did say,
Victim to thy broken promise Queen Kaikeyi dies to-day.

By these rites ordained for Rama, such news my menials bring,
Let my Bharat, and not thy Rama, be anointed Regent King

Wearing skins and matted tresses in the cave or hermit's cell
Fourteen years in Dandak's forests, let the elder Rama dwell

These are queen Kaikeyi's wishes, these are boons for which I pray,
I would see my son anointed and Rama banished on this day !

SIRDARNI UMRAO SINGH.

(To be continued.)

II.—A DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY AN INDIAN SCHOOL GIRL.

AFTER arriving at school, cheery greetings are exchanged on the way to classes, and a general preparation for lessons takes place ; the prefect arranges home exercise books on the table, sees to the general tidiness of the class-room, cleans the boards and writes up the historical event for the day, then she arranges fresh flowers in the vase on the table—a very sweet custom I think, for assuredly nothing can give the class-room the look of beauty that these do ; the dainty fairies nestling in their bright bosoms seem to weave sweet chains of loving essence to link the hearts of teachers and pupils together. The other girls help in these pleasant duties and then the senior girls hasten to their joyful 'round of the school'; for every student and child they have a cheerful 'good morning,' and, if necessary, encourage or help the junior prefects in their duties.

The clear loud ringing of the 5 minutes to 10 bell bids the children be in their classes and it is a delight to see the beaming faces of the little ones, so actively gay and playful a little before and so charmingly quiet now ; all the children then march to music to the assembly hall for roll-call after which the saying for the week is read out ; these fine thoughts dressed in the delicate garb of poetry appeal to the girls and they always remember and try to act up to it, they also write them down with their meanings on the last day of the week. After roll, they march out, in an orderly fashion to enlivening music, to their respective classes where their teacher's loving smile lights up all faces and strengthens all noble girlish resolves. Sometimes there is a few minutes' talk on the historical interest of the event written up before lessons. On science days the experiments in the laboratory afford much pleasure ; and much curious handling, and a good deal of reasoning and trying to get at the cause of evident effects is gone through. There are two breaks between 10—1, for the juniors, for drill and play ; and one for the seniors for drill. The Hindu girls have their *sarrees* neatly pinned up to prevent any inconvenience and their simultaneously graceful movements are in rhythm with the music. Some of them it is true do not care for this pleasant exercise, but it is good for the body and relieves the mind as well.

Once a week singing comes round to the great delight of the girls ; they love singing to the piano and after the singing lessons are gone through, a few senior singers give solos ; the clear girlish treble sounds very sweet in the ears of their friends and doubtless charms the teacher also.

At one o'clock there is a break for tiffin, after which the juniors sport in the play-ground in the garden. A sandy place is shaded by the dense leaved asoka trees, which grow at equal intervals in two rows forming a leafy hall, the pillars of which are the asoka's brown trunks and the ceiling its green foliage. Glimpses of the blue sky can be seen flashing through the asoka's interlacing arms, like bright baby faces glancing lovingly from friends' embracing arms. The little boys who attend this school and indulge in their hot games, look immensely amused at the girls' quieter games. Most of the seniors spend this hour in the library, where journals, reviews, magazines, and picture books are left on the table for their benefit. On certain days library books are taken home and returned.

Some of the ease-loving Sybarites lounge quietly, laughing and talking in a certain cool room upstairs looking out on the back and side gardens and from which glimpses of the neighbouring lake through the hedges can be had; a few others are seen bending over their books and trying to cram the afternoon lessons---not at all a good habit, with two hours work before them; also all their thoughts are assuredly not on their lessons, for they laugh with their Sybarite sisters at anything amusing. If it is a cool day, a very few wander away to the *bund*, one of the pleasantest spots in the school--a green compound rising into a sandy bank overgrown with tall wild hedges, amidst which laugh bright bunches of many coloured wild flowers. On this side of the bund, the cool layers of shade of the mango trees tempt one to the threshold of sweet dreamland,—the fern-leaved tamarind trees, the palmyras throwing their graceful arms round the stately palms, a few peculiar creepers clasping their stronger sisters (tall trees) with clinging love, each in their own way lend a charm to the scene. On the other side lies the big Tank; the reflections of the trees and the blue sky make the lake look pretty; behind the lake spread green meadows where cattle are sometimes seen grazing; and farther among dense trees, a gipsy tent is sometimes seen pitched, and above, the low sky bends fondly over the earth as if it would fain protect and love it. In this quiet spot the girls gather flowers for vases, and with their comrades dream away the time till the 10 minutes to 2 bell hastens them back to their classes. Again, after a little preparation, they assemble for roll and then march back to their respective classes. When it is 10 to 4, home lessons for the morrow are written up and books collected, and after the third and last assembly of the whole school and the Superintendent's 'good-evening,' the girls go to their classes, before dispersing, for their teachers dear 'good-evening.' This is the crowning joy of the day, for those who have been naughty feel forgiven, and those who have been good feel rewarded by the kind tone and look accompanying the otherwise formal salute. If it is the girls' tennis day, the seniors play sometimes with the teachers, otherwise students play with the girls, while a few others look on. Tournaments are held twice a year in which the winners receive handsome prizes.

After a few minutes pleasant talk, the turning over of the day's experiences and a number of affectionate 'Bye-byes,' 'Tatas' and 'Adieus,' the girls go home. A few twos or threes are seen walking about the garden 'arm-in-arm' or seated on the fountain's brink, in time these also go home; and the school, alive with merry peals of laughter, gay chatter, the sound of gamesome feet and the pleasant music of girls' voices and lit by their cheerful faces and smiles, is quite silent, save for an occasional 'swish' or a 'coo' or the deep voices of the peons closing school.

Thursday is the form girls' sports-day; they have a games club consisting of a committee of members elected by the girls themselves to regulate the sports, and a secretary appointed by the Superintendent to collect subscriptions and help the members. Either these girls or the students give socials to the school; after a good deal of planning, they get up a programme of tennis, badminton, round games, recitation and music. These socials are thoroughly enjoyed and, besides being very pleasant in the cool evening breeze out in the compound and refreshing the minds of the girls just out of the class-room, they strengthen the union of the school and promote good feelings of friendship between students and girls, and above all they help to increase the sympathy of the teachers for the pupils.

Just now memory has pulled aside her shutter plate from my mind and here is the photograph just as I see it, of the company listening to sweet music. Under the interlacing branches of the mango, on a sandy spot betwixt the tennis court and the grassy compound adjoining the lake, sit many happy forms and on every face varying emotion has set her seat. All are silent, most are sad being affected by the music, the player's loving touches wake the piano into life, and it murmurs softly, reminding one of the voice of the brook, it rings full and richly passionate like an impassioned woman's voice, now it is low and sweet as a loving woman's and again it grows calm and serene, and the scene is warm with the gold and crimson light of the setting sun, sending his farewell kisses through the crevices of the foliage.

It would be very well if a senior's literary club is formed to start a monthly magazine for the perusal of the girls and perhaps their teachers. It need not be printed, all the contributions could be neatly written on foolscap and fastened together. Perhaps one girl who loves history will sketch a favourite character in it, another interested in science might write a short essay on subjects such as Magnetism or Electricity. A third who hopes to be a mathematician might write of the advantages resulting from a study of the very interesting subject Algebra. Another, loving nature and her teachings above everything else, might touch tenderly on her beauties and kindnesses, and some philosophizing spirit might give suggestions of the morals and sound lessons to thoughtful girls. Others, liking painting and music, might dwell respectively on these high fine arts. And again a girl might make sketches of her ideals; or a poet—loving one might delicately paint her favourite poet in sweet noble

hues and perhaps explore, with tender love, the fairy regions of his poems. This pouring forth of their pent-up thoughts on paper, would tend to cause better and higher thoughts to occupy the mind, and to increase the girls' sympathy and (appreciation) for each other.

When the month is over and the journal is read and issued, the girls might collect picture post cards, foreign stamps, stamped flowers, any pretty painting, crayon or brush work or a bit of dainty fancy-work done by the girls, and arrange them in a suitable album. This might, at a social, be passed round to students, friends and teachers. A school, with these pleasant aids of sports, clubs and seniors' recreations, socials and so on might be made, not only a place where learning is severely poured into the mind, but also a loving atmosphere, where the seeds of goodness in the beautiful gardens of our minds might, with the tender care of the developed teacher, grow into plants bearing beautiful flowers of Love, Virtue and Knowledge.

S. Govindu.

The Living Memory.

A STORY.

"No, never shall my soul forget
The friend I found so cordial-hearted."—*Moore.*

THE name of William Cutting, the school-master, spelt terror to the school-going population. The matrons of the locality were thankful to him for the hidden and mysterious power in his name with which at times they thought it fit to curb the passion of their unruly children. No one had gauged the depth of his learning if it was at all measurable, for he posed himself as omniscient before his people and was believed as such by their compliant credulity. He preserved a military discipline in his school and was more known for his capacity as a judge or an executor than as a veteran educationist. The common and heedless wayfarer mistook the double beat of his cane on the table for the reverberation of some time-honoured drum sounding at a distance. Before the awful tribunal of such a dignitary who combined in himself the functions, both of a judge and an executor, was drawn one morning a young culprit for some grave offence. His name was Reuben Wallis. Reuben had abused a fellow-student who was none other than the son of the master himself.

Whether it was his love of justice that induced the school-master to listen in all earnestness to the case or not is more than what we can tell. The culprit again was of no ordinary kind. He was the son of the city magistrate and was well conscious of his noble descent. And, enraged by his haughty looks so ill-suited to his present position, the master demanded in a thundering tone the ground of complaint.

It appeared that on his way to school Reuben had asked George, the master's son, to carry his books which the latter refused, upon which a question had arisen as to whether or not was George the magistrate's servant. On this point George had enlightened Reuben, saying that his case was no better, he being the son of a magistrate who accepted bribes. This was now the charge, but Reuben denied it. At this crisis another boy broke in saying that Reuben had disgraced himself in two ways; first, by abuse, and secondly, by telling a deliberate falsehood! The doom of Reuben was sealed and he was severely thrashed. He suffered not a groan to escape, while the terrible ordeal was going on. This was so contrary to common occurrence that, it astonished all, even the teacher, who took so much pride in the efficacy of his cane.

Reuben returned home with a mind governed by the strongest of all passions—revenge.

It was the impudent boy, Stead, whose uncalled-for evidence had finally sealed his doom. To him he owed his corporal suffering—and moreover, the ignominy of being publicly caned, which his proud spirit could not bear at any time. The more he thought, the more did the image of Stead intervene between his trial and punishment. He certainly had had no misunderstanding with Stead previous to this occasion. And as such was the case the character of Stead appeared all the more unjustifiable and venomous in his eyes. Never did the idea occur to him that, apart from personal motives, a man might act, as Stead acted, for truth and justice, honour and simplicity. It is perhaps never wholesome for a youth to allow an image of vengeance to dwell repeatedly in his mind.

But the cruel infliction of the punishment, the peculiar cast of his mind, and the mysterious behaviour of Stead, alike conjoined to create a morbid feeling in his mind. Change of scene, intercourse with his playmates, participation in their boyish sports, and above all a free disclosure of what oppressed his mind to his mother might have toned down his feelings. But he was not with the boys in their plays, nor spoke his grievances to his mother; but brooded over the melancholy incident until his feelings became forcible enough to drown the little voice of reason and sense in him and urge him on to a vindictive course of action. He must be avenged on Stead. And with such a resolution he rushed to the place, where, Stead, he knew, might be found.

The day was declining. The trembling sun had rested his huge disc upon the level and shining sheet of the watery expanse.

Stead sat on a block of wood which lay on the waterside, with his right foot just coming in touch with the cool water as if fearing to disturb its solemn tranquillity. The golden light of the sun fell on his fair face and lent a peculiar grace to it.

Amidst a scenery so splendid and tranquil, the sight of such a handsome figure makes one think of the probability of some angel being drawn to the earth's bound, lured by its beauty.

Suddenly a start and an accompanying shriek from behind brought back his accustomed eyes from the imposing scene—and lo! he found Reuben lying prostrate upon the ground.

In the twinkle of an eye Stead dipped into the water and ran to his help.

"Stop—stop!" cried Reuben in bitter agony—"Do not touch me."

Was it that Reuben remembered the incident of the morning that made him refuse his help? But that was no reason why he should not help him in his time of need. So thought Stead.

But it was a very different feeling which agitated Reuben's breast.

He had been stealthily advancing towards Stead to drown him in the river when by accident his foot had slipped: and his feelings of bitter self-reproach made him feel that he could not receive a favour from a victim who now advanced to him with such magnanimity. Such was the motive which made him cry out "Stop—stop! Do not touch me."

"Reuben, be not angry with me for the morning's accident. Were you the insulted one I would have done as much for you."

The conscience of Reuben smote him. The contrast of his own base cowardice with the simple heroism of Stead held him mute—only tears of gratitude and remorse slowly trickled down his cheeks.

Seven days now elapsed since that evening when the event had taken place. The broken leg of Reuben had healed and on a fine morning he was seen approaching the humble dwelling of Stead's father. It was a happy day for Reuben! He had determined to confess his guilt to Stead and become his friend if he would kindly forgive him.

He entered the courtyard, but the voice of Stead reading aloud his lessons was not audible. A black dog lay at a distance, but it seemed to take no notice of the stranger. It lay so still that Reuben wondered if it was not the likeness of a dog carved out of a black stone.

"Stead!" he cried, but there was no reply. A second louder but tremulous utterance of the name was responded to from within by a pathetic cry in a female voice—"Where hast thou been?"

With a heavy heart Reuben left the courtyard and on enquiry received the information that Stead had died of cholera.

From that day forward no one noticed Reuben to lose his temper. No one knew the secret. The change of a wrathful mood for a serene temperament was accounted for by many as due to some charm or magic. In certain quarters, it was whispered that the spirit of Stead had descended upon Reuben!

BOBBS.

A Rustic in the City.

It was not so very long ago that I had a splendid opportunity of studying the amusing side of human nature. This object of mine presented itself to me one morning when I was in sore need of a *pushman* and as I could not raise another specimen of humanity I had to take him *nolens volens*. He was tall, well-built and muscular, commanding a stalwart appearance; in a word his physique was remarkably good; he had a swarthy complexion and as far as I could see just suited me down to the ground, so I was very thankful indeed for such an acquisition, though he was a rustic and a perfect stranger to the city and the sea. My hopes ran high when I caught sight of him from my window, raising a huge wooden beam that had fallen aslant from a godown. I really felt at the moment that this man was but a shade of Sandow and would certainly accomplish wonderful feats of strength. But it remains to be seen whether my conjecture was right or not. Well, a truce to his description. My *pushman* was yet a sealed book to me and I guessed that there would be no friction till he had pushed my perambulator so I ordered him to be ready at 5 o'clock that evening, to which he readily assented.

At the appointed hour I espied the perambulator and the pushman awaiting me. The latter arrayed in a snowy garb and a crimson turban salaamed me most respectfully. I could hardly believe my eyes when my boy told me that this was the rustic I had engaged the same morning as a pushman. Indeed the scene was both a transformation and a very laughable one and I could not help noticing how vastly the other servants appreciated this new-comer's joke. Well, I got into my conveyance and soon felt the strength of my pushman's muscle. In less than seven minutes he took me as far as the

Moore Market altogether covering a distance of a mile and two furlongs. I was confident of the man's steadiness and sureness as a driver and, in addition of the great strength he possessed, and despite my extreme nervousness in dodging through trams, carriages and heaps of passers-by, not to speak of the heavy traffic near the General Hospital Bridge, I thought myself secure with the pushman behind. But lo, to my great surprise, as I was beginning to descend the Bridge, I felt the carriage given a terribly hard push, and there was I descending not by degrees, but at a maddeningly rapid rate. I looked round and my pushman was not in his place; he had vanished and I, trembling with fear and excitement, surrounded by a crowd of Hindu pedestrians whose assistance somewhat allayed my fears, managed to stammeringly ask the bewildering crowd the whereabouts of my Jehu. Needless to add that my confidence in him was utterly shaken. Within a couple of minutes my pushman rejoined me, stalking majestically through the crowd; perhaps his gigantic figure and strides helped him along. Who knows? As he wonderingly approached me with his arms akimbo, I could see that he faced the situation bravely and with an air of proprietorship tried to make overtures. The result of this dangerous though amusing episode was that the man's explanation was so extremely funny that I allowed the sun to go down on my wrath. What I gathered from him was this. He said that as he was pushing the perambulator down the bridge, he felt it going very swiftly and accordingly thought it a waste of strength to drive it any longer, so giving it a push with all his might and main, he did not hesitate to let it go of itself *a la mode* of the motor-cars! This incident was a sufficient warning for the future and it taught me to avoid bridges, which are specially steep and to use roads comparatively level, where passers-by were few and traffic *nil*, so long as this individual served me in the capacity of a pushman.

That very evening brought with it an equally, if not more amusing incident. It happened thus. After my pushman had safely landed me on the Marina—which by the way is one of the prettiest places in the world—I joined some of my friends for a walk on the sands. Presently we heard a great deal of laughter and cheering, and turning round I must say I was clever enough to locate the sounds of laughter to the spot where my conveyance stood. We ran up hurriedly to ascertain the cause and a wonderful sight met our gaze. What should we see but my pushman standing high up on the perambulator and two of his comrades supporting him against a likely landing on *terra firma*. Really the sight fairly took my breath away and no wonder, for the spectators were convulsed with laughter. On being questioned about this second performance, my pushman said that he had never seen the sea before, it was a wonder to him; he also mentioned that he had deputed one of the neighbouring syces to secure my permission for mounting aloft on the perambulator, but at that moment I had been nowhere to be found.

Another incident occurred after the lapse of a week. My *chauffeur* expressed a desire to send a small money order to his invalid mother, so I filled up an M. O. for him and handed it to him with the requested amount. His face at once assumed a glorified expression and beaming with smiles he thanked me and walked away. An hour or two passed and I was called by my boy to witness a quarrel between the pushman and the other servants. There he was standing pre-eminent amongst them, wildly gesticulating with his arms and holding forth in a torrent of abuse. As soon as he saw me he quieted down and complained of the servants teasing him over the money order business. I asked him if he had sent it away and how he had done it, not knowing that this was the first time he had experienced a new venture. He, wise in his own conceit, told me quite delightedly that he had wrapped the two rupees in the M. O. form and dropped the packet into the letter box of the South Indian Railway Station! I was shaken with laughter on hearing this villager's graphic account and he, quite proud of his feat, thoroughly enjoyed the joke himself to such an extent as to indulge in one of his usual fits of mirth which he displayed in a weird dance.

In narrating these amusing tales, I must not forget to mention one that is uppermost in my thoughts just now. One of my friends presented me with a young hedgehog, some days after my pushman's introduction into the servants' quarters. It soon happened that the latest addition to the house persisted in its dislike of the pushman who mistook it for a cat—but the latter was not to be baffled since he had a special liking for the feline species. Days went by and I fancied that he was unusually quiet and reserved. Little did it occur to me that there was something brewing in his mind. I did not take much notice of him. One forenoon, as I was busy writing I heard a tremendous noise in one of the inner rooms. I rushed up to see what the matter was and there was the hedgehog clutched tightly in the pushman's arms, and he as happy as he could be taking its bites most calmly.

Before I conclude, there is yet one more incident I should like to relate. Whenever I wound up the clock in the dining room, I noticed that my pushman was always present watching

me closely from a distance. Soon after his morning's work, one day, when he happened to find the clock unusually silent, he came near, thinking the ticking of the clock would be more audible. But hearing nothing he ventured to experiment on it and accordingly opened its front face. Then, all of a sudden, as if some unseen hand had prompted him to the task, he seized the hour and minute hands of the clock and began twirling them round and round at a furiously rapid rate. So occupied was he with his new work that he did not observe my watching his manipulations. I did certainly feel inclined to punish him, but as he was so intent on hearing the tick, tick, I asked him to move aside and set the clock going. There are still several highly amusing incidents, I would fain relate *re* my wonderful pushman, but space forbids me.

The 13th Annual General Meeting of the Hindu Ladies' Social Club, Bombay.

(*An instructive address from the Chair.*)

THE 13th Annual General Meeting of the Hindu Ladies' Social Club was held in the spacious Hall of Mrs. Harischandra Pandurang Pitale at Cowasjee Patel Tank Road on Wednesday, the 16th January, 1907, at 5 P.M. when H.H. the Begum Sahiba of Janjira presided.

There was a large gathering of ladies—European, Mahomedan, Hindu, and Parsee, among whom were the following:—

Miss De Gama, Mrs. Chandavarkar, Miss Sutherland, Mrs. Machichan, Mrs Ranade, Mrs. S. G. Ranade, Mrs. Nanu N. Kothare, Mrs. Jayaker, Miss Cursetji, Miss Millard, Laxmibai Maharani-Sahiba Gaikwad, Mrs. Tapibai Motiwala, Miss Joshi Kirtane, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Vithaldas D. Thackersey, Mrs. Madavji Damoderdas, Mrs. Hansraj Pragji, Miss A. Douglas, Miss Murray, Miss Machichan, Mrs. Fachiri, Mrs. De Bure, Mrs. Nandagowri Saria, Mrs. Laxmidas Bhimji, Mrs. Lalji Bhimji, Mrs. Bhavandas Motiwalla, Mrs. Jamnabai N. Sakai, Mrs. R. Motilal, Mrs. Gujjar, Mrs. P. K. Mulji, Mrs. R. K. Rana, Mrs. J. C. K. Mulji, Mrs. Hursberger, Mrs. S. Bhandarkar, Miss Ravnt, Mrs. Bhajikar, Mrs. A. Madgavkar, Mrs. Gokutai Sirgaoker, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Cama, Bai Binbai Rana, Dr. Freary Cama, Miss K. R. Cama, Pandita Bhavanibai, Mrs. Jijibhaibanaji, Lady Bhalchandra, Mrs. Yeshodabai Bhatvadekar, Miss Dhanjibhai, Miss J. Dhanjibhai, Mrs. K. Tyebji, Miss Paterson, Miss Ackland, Miss Fera Fyzie, Mrs. Moghul Shah Agakhan, Mrs. Kaiki Shah, Miss Moghul Shah, Miss Kaki Shah, Mrs. Sherifali, Mrs. Kasham, Mrs. Lukhmani, Miss Zainulabedin Shah, Mrs. Fries, Mrs. Gulbai Colha, Miss Dhanjibhai Nowroji, Mrs. Moolchand Shah, Mrs. Coochick Shah, Mrs. Mir Airnali, Mrs. Metaxa, Miss K. M. Burn, Mrs. D. M. de Silva, Mrs. De Puy, New York, (Dr.) Mrs. Kamarker, Mrs. D. A. Khare, Mrs. Muir Mackenzie, Miss Lindsay, Mrs. Noble of Detroit, America, Mrs. Nikambe, Mrs. Abbot, and others.

At the commencement Miss Sumati R. Kothare played on the harmonium and sang a welcome song. Mrs. Kothare then proposed and Mrs. Umadai Khare seconded that H. H. the Begumsahiba of Janjira should occupy the chair. When she had done so, the Begum asked Mrs. Bablibai Pitale, the Secretary of the Club, to read the report of last year's working of the Club, in Marathi, which was then translated in English by Miss Curshedjee.

The following is the Report:—

The Executive Committee of the Hindu Ladies' Social Club has great pleasure in submitting to its members, for their acceptance, a report of the working of the Club for the year ending 31st December, 1906.

This year, as in the last few years, the recurrence of the plague told upon the working of the Institution; still the Committee is glad to note that the Institution has made satisfactory progress in furthering its objects. Weekly meetings were held regularly, when the average attendance was 30 to 40 as against 15 to 20 of the last year.

Various subjects were discussed both in Marathi and Gujarathi. Some days were also spent in doing some fancy but needful needlework, which was sold. Rs. 200 have been received from the sale and after paying for the expenses, the balance with the amount collected from the Club's "Voluntary Contribution Box" for the same period, namely, Rs. 115 only, as mentioned in the Rules, will be utilized for some benevolent purposes.

The Committee has pleasure in announcing that during the year under report 16 new members were admitted who with 164 at the end of the previous year made up the total of 180, out of whom 1 resigned leaving on the roll 179.

We are glad to note, that the members of the Institution are taking good advantage of "The Chimanabai Sahib Library" and we trust that in future this branch would be more useful to its members. Some of the members had sent their articles to the Indian National Congress Indus-

trial and Agricultural Exhibition at Bombay in 1904; and we are glad to note that Miss Kamalabai Bramhandker and Miss Maneckbai Kothare received prizes worth Rs. 5 each from the Club for their work being judged the best.

It is a gratifying event to note that H. H. Laxmibai Maharani Saheba, Gaikwad of Baroda, was kind enough to hand over a sum of Rs. 100 to the Chairman of the Club for opening a painting class, where at present 20 students are taking instructions in oil-painting on cloth under an able tutor, Miss Jatajee Coorjee Nazar, who receives Rs. 20 per month as pay. The Club also paid Rs. 150 towards this useful branch newly started, as had formally been ruled. The material has been supplied from the funds of the Club; and of the articles made thereof a sale will take place after the work of this annual gathering.

The sincere thanks of the Club are due to Her Highness for her kind donation, and the Committee trusts that Her Highness will continue to cherish the same affection towards the Institution in future as she has hitherto done.

We are glad to note that this year the Club had the honour of welcoming H. H. Chimanabai, the Maharani Saheba, Gaikwad of Baroda, who had returned from England.

The Committee is much obliged to Mrs. Bablibai Harishchandra Pitale for continuing her kind permission to use the Hall for holding the meetings of the Club, and still more grateful to her for her zealously performing the arduous task of Honorary Secretary of the Club for the last eight years.

Our sincere thanks are also due to Mrs. Javerbai Laxmidas for performing the responsible duties of the Honorary Treasurer from the commencement of the Club till now.

The Committee now tenders its sincere thanks to members for their co-operation. In conclusion it begs to express its hearty good wishes for the success of this most useful Institution.

May God give long life and prosperity to the Hindu Ladies' Social Club.

Laxmibai Maharani Sahiba, Gaikwad, then proposed and Lady Bhatvadekar seconded, that the report read should be adopted and the proposition was passed unanimously.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Manakbai Lalji and Mrs. Yeshodabai Bhatvadekar, a vote of thanks to the Executive Committee was passed.

The Begum Sahiba afterwards read her presidential address, the substance of which is as follows :—

Mrs. Kothare and Ladies :—

It has afforded me very great pleasure to have been given the honour of presiding to-day at your annual gathering and to have heard the report of your Secretaries read just now, the successful work done by the Committee during the past year. I thank you for giving me the opportunity of being present on this occasion. I might say that this is not the first time that a Mahomedan lady has been favoured to preside at your gathering, as some years ago, my late beloved aunt Mrs. Budrudin Tyebji was accorded a similar honour. But I might say here that when I was first asked to preside, I felt rather diffident, seeing the distinguished ladies who have already preceded me in past years. However I accepted it only on this consideration that although yours is purely a Hindu Club, still you have wished to show a unity and accord with your Mahomedan sisters, which is very commendable and gratifying to me.

Ladies, I am very glad to find that the various branches of the work set going have been well maintained and signify the care and interest you have been taking to gradually increase the utility of this Club, and it is pleasing to see that the class for fabric and glass painting is getting on well. I only wish that in addition to these western arts equal attention will be paid to our ancient and unrivalled embroideries and needle-work, and I will be glad to see some support given to this sort of work, to which I wish to make a very slight contribution to start with, which I trust you will oblige me by accepting.

I note with special pleasure the deep interest taken in your welfare by the Maharani of Baroda, a fact which alone is sufficient guarantee for the Club's future prosperity.

And I am happy to note also that Rani Laxmibai Sahiba has become a member and shows her interest in a practical manner by helping the glass and fabric painting class.

I think you all will join with me in welcoming Mrs. Mahadeo Govind Ranade, who has come all the way from Poona to grace the occasion with her presence.

I have only one thing more to observe now. Some articles prepared by the members during the weekly meetings are to be sold for a benevolent purpose and I trust that these things will be readily disposed of.

I do not wish to detain you further, but will close my remarks with my very best wishes for your future welfare and progress.

Mrs. Ranade then made an elaborate speech on Old Indian Arts and Industries in Marathi.

Miss Shirin M. Cursetjee addressed the meeting and the vote of thanks to the chair was proposed by Mrs. Kothare, who made a speech suitable for the occasion, and was duly seconded by Mrs. Chandavarkar.

After the President was garlanded and boquets distributed to all, the articles, useful and

fancy, prepared by the members of the Club, were opened for sale.

Miss Sumati R. Kothare then sang and played a farewell song specially prepared for the occasion.

Editorial Notes.

Marie Corelli.

In *The Westminster Review* there is a very discriminating "note" on Marie Corelli, "by another writer of less repute." The critic begins calmly, gently and as if he were trying not to prejudice the reader's mind against Marie Corelli. But, from the very beginning one feels that he has a violent prejudice against the lady. The prejudice however, seems to be a carefully weighed one; and though the critic's wrath against her seems to increase with every phrase, yet the anger is justly balanced and he does not grow hysterical, as some critics so often do. In the end, he comes to the following conclusion: "Let me repeat, in conclusion, that I do not bring any superficial knowledge to bear upon the subject of Miss Corelli's works. I have read them all—some two or three times: as a youth with some show of enthusiasm, as a man with shuddering and disgust. I have not here regarded the opinions of the majority, but have devoted myself to a calm consideration of her position. I declare emphatically that Marie Corelli is a social menace. I believe that with all my soul, and I would rejoice to see her books barred by the libraries as insidious and harmful to public morality."

Such violent criticisms, such harsh judgments cannot be indulged in by ordinary people like ourselves; but we can surely have the right to dislike Marie Corelli's work. "When I was younger and sullen," says our critic "the colouring of Miss Corelli's canvases amazed and charmed me; now I can only wonder at the colour blindness of those who have not emancipated themselves from her thraldom and learned to see that she uses a whitewashed brush and the commonest of distempers. A page of prose from Miss Corelli's books, with its disjointed punctuation, its insistent emphasis, its unnecessary marks of exclamation, has always disturbed me, and now leaves me cold or annoys me by its style." How many of us feel like that, when we read this popular writer's books! How many of us feel that her writings are dazzling gilt, but not bright pure gold?

Why is Miss Corelli so popular? Our critic ascribes it to her own unabashed self-advertisement of her own books, and to the fact that "she is the most emotional writer among us to-day, and in that fact lies the secret of her appeal to the unthinking classes." "The popular writer of a generation, of a given number of years, is never chosen because of his genius. The masses are not logical enough or discriminating enough to choose the best, though they may not always reject the good. Sometimes they choose a writer of real merit, though generally it is an author with only moderate claims to attention, and a writer who deserves more reproof than praise." "Marie Corelli is doted on in the drawing-room as well as in the servants' hall. I have a shrewd suspicion that the features which provoke the keenest criticism of men, who know how to discriminate, are the features which are the most popular with women and youths."

What are her faults? One is that there is a too high sense of elaboratenss in her work. "She writes at the top of her voice." "Her disjointed punctuation, her insistent emphasis, her unnecessary marks of exclamation," all "dry up admiration." She does not discriminate. "She seeks immortality in the heaping of epithet upon epithet, adjective upon adjective. There is nothing you cannot find in her pages from the most flowery periods of Lytton to the commonest of journalists."

Then again her ambition to make her novels a success is too obvious. She says, "there are plenty of rag-books *called* novels, but they are not *real* novels. There is nothing 'new' in them! There's no truth of real, suffering, palpitating humanity in them! The humanity of to-day is infinitely more complex than it was in the days of Scott or Dickens, but there is no Scott or Dickens to epitomise its character or delineate its temperament. I want to be the twentieth-century Scott and Dickens rolled into one stupendous literary Titan!" A stupendous ambition truly, but one not likely to be easily realized!

Then again, our critic accuses Miss Corelli of a proper want of erudition. The public think her a widely-read woman, but "it is only the imperfectly-developed individual," he says, "who falls under her charm." "The fact is that Miss Corelli has meditated little and thought less. The lady pretends to despise the critics, but is always retorting upon them. When in her stories, conversation drags—and it is always conventional and stage-struck—the heroine falls back upon books. The good people are always virtuous to insipidity; the bad are less wicked

than their poses. But no figure stands out as a character study".

Again, he charges Marie Corelli with want of proportion. There are passages in her books, he says,—and this is quite true, as who does not think who has read her *Sorrows of Satan* or *Ziska*,—which no young people ought to be allowed to read. "It is absolutely essential that the reading world, especially the impressionable natures of young people, should be warned of the dangers which lurk like some subtle poison within the pages of insidious novels." "What young people—either girl or impressionable youth—could come through the ordeal as pure as they were before they handled the book?" Quite true, is it not, of some of the lady's novels, though some of her other works aspire to high purity and idealism?

Some other accusations there are against Marie Corelli, but they seem too drastic. Surely she is not a woman "who has lost her womanliness." But, be this as it may, one must admit that Marie Corelli's books are not all that are desirable. Young people are specially attracted by her, but it would be better if some of her books were forbidden to them.

The late Mr. H. K. Beauchamp.

The sad news of the death of the late Mr. Beauchamp, the talented editor of *The Madras Mail* will be received with the deepest regret throughout the Madras Presidency. He was a man of resistless energy, and his sterling character and wide learning made him deservedly popular wherever he was known. The high order of the work he gave to the public and the early age at which his useful life was closed makes us deplore his loss all the more keenly. There is also a selfish reason for our keen regret at his death. He was ever a true friend to the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, and took the greatest interest in its small efforts from the time that it was started. We tender our deepest sympathy to his bereaved widow and child.

Mrs. P. K. Sarma, a talented Indian Lady Artist.

This lady, whose picture we give in our frontispiece, is an artist of exceptional talent, and we feel very proud of her, especially as India produces so few artists; and Indian lady artists are hardly to be seen. She lately did a photograph of Lord Ampthill which was unveiled by H. E. Sir Arthur Lawley on a recent occasion. The excellent workmanship of the production drew the keenest admiration from all who saw it; and we hope that Mrs. Sarma will continue her work and will be encouraged by the public, as she deserves to be. While yet a child of five, she showed her talent by often indulging in the pastime of drawing chalk-figures of animals and caricatures on the floor, and the genius of the artist gradually increased as she advanced to the age of discretion. At this stage, her husband Mr. Sarma, viewing her tendencies, unlike several Indians, adopted all measures to improve her knowledge in the line; and to his satisfaction she followed the art keenly and attained a stage which secured for her a marked distinction in the company of Indian Artists. She has been cultivating the art at home and we hope she will attain to a bright distinction. She is an expert in embroidery and needle-work also.

Selection.

THE IDEAL OF HINDU WOMANHOOD WITH PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR ITS REALIZATION.

The Gaikwad Prize Essay.

[*By Mrs. Susila Tahl Ram.*]

(*Continued from the last issue.*)

And in that degradation woman above all is the most engulfed. Deprived of all learning and solid information, how limited has become the sphere of her understanding? And as ignorance and superstition are the reigning sovereigns of her house, she is shackled by bigotry and prejudices which only enlightened mind can remove. "No culture, no ideal is possible to the Hindu wife," remarks a keen observer of Hindu society. "Her only idea is to drudge in the kitchen from day's end to day's end. The four walls of the Zenana enclose the universe that she knows. 'The moral man grows on the knees of the mother'—but in India the child knows nothing like a mother's training, and experiences very little of the sacred influence which the tender solicitude of the mother exercises on the child's moral as well as physical growth. The mother herself though she is only a child, when the burden of maternity begins to rest on her can receive or give herself no education whatever. Liberty of every kind being denied, she has her natural intelligence and her natural faculties crushed!"

Single-handed, the Hindu tries to fulfil his duties to his home and to his fellow-creatures. But vain are his attempts, for without the helping hand of his partner (Ardhangini) it is impossible to accomplish his aims with any satisfaction. Over and over, he endeavours to better his condition, or that of his country, but his better-half thinking his aspirations of little worth, debars his elevation, or what is still worse, drags him down to her own level. Division in anything is ruinous. The Vedant teachers that Adhi-half means a person suffering from 'mental agony,' and as it is difficult to soothe a man oppressed by 'mental grief,' equally is it difficult to accomplish the purpose of one's being single-handed and without the support of the better-half.

In ancient times a daughter was beloved and honoured. To her royal father the Princess Savitri, "was his best object, the argument of his praise, balm of his age, most best, most direct."

Unfortunately, general opinion becoming hostile to the elevation and freedom of woman, the glorious ideals of our ancestors have taken a form that is most repellent and depressing. And to add to woman's misery, as unpleasant and uncharitable views regarding her sex began to take possession of the Hindu mind, the superstition became current among the high born and the humble as well that at the birth of a son mother earth rejoicing raises her head to the skies, while the birth of a daughter occasions so much anguish that she sinks grieving to the bottomless pit.

My young friend, Malati, certainly thought that fate had reserved this pleasant abode for her. Unreasonably, she brooded and mourned over this senseless superstition. At the birth of the eldest girl, Malati sighed, and fair hope rescued her from despondency. When the second girl lay in her lap, the disheartened mother kissed it with tears of regret and vowed vows. The next three years in succession passed away in irksome fasts and prayers, offered at notable shrines to remove the shame of begetting girls. At the approach of the third child, the neighbouring dames predicted such predictions as to strengthen the delicate Malati and to make her heart leap for joy.

Close to her bed-chamber was kept the conch-shell in readiness to herald the heir; while, the eldest born secured a brass Thali to welcome her expected brother. Indeed, so certain were the old dames in their surmises that preparations had actually been made for the Nandi Shradh to obtain the blessing of the departed ancestors. "But man proposes and God disposes," and sore was the disappointment when an uninvited girl again intruded upon them. Her arrival was welcomed by a silence of disgust. At the eager words, "what is it," "what is it?" an angry voice retorted, "nothing—nothing—*patthar*!" while, others shaking their wise heads remarked, "surely, she must have committed some heinous sin in her previous birth to be so cursed!"

Woe-stricken, Malati looked at them with pleading eyes to be forgiven for the misconduct of bearing girls! A few days after this happy or unhappy event, the husband entered the chamber with questioning eyes. Malati answered him with a sob, then mustering courage counter-questioned her lord "Am I only to blame in this?' Sighing and smiling the husband retreated from there.

Though the want of education has debilitated woman and encompassed her with many an absurd notion, yet nothing has been able to, nor likely to change a Hindu mother's tenderness towards her children. The disappointment no doubt for the first few days was keen; but baby-smiles and baby-tears soothed the heart burning. From henceforth, Malati sensibly gave up brooding over the much-desired heir, to save the family from perdition; and as the girls gained in years, she looked forward to being blessed with grand-sons instead.

As is usual among Hindu women to be ever chatting and planning marriages, Malati was not exempt from this weakness. The marriage of her girls was a constant theme in the household. Listening baby-lips would lisp out, "Say it once more Mai!" and the foolish mother would again enumerate the lovely jewels, &c., &c., ending with the would-be bride-grooms who would some day soon carry away her pets to a lovely home.

The teaching current in society that the most propitious time for a girl to be given in marriage is before she has attained her tenth year Malati had at her fingers' end. But she was quite ignorant of the fact, and if apprized would probably have discredited the information, that girls in days gone by were married at a matured age. Nor was her untutored mind able to conceive the evils which early marriage carries in its train and that the child-widow is the outcome of this pernicious system. To arguments set before her, she would reply indignantly, "What! do you mean to assert that my mother was dreaming? I'll do as my grand-mother did!" and she carried the day.

Nourished with delicacies and adorned with silks and jewels, the girls improved in appearance; but their mind was left to starve and no attempt was made to ground them in the higher truths of religion and morality. Hindu girls are usually gifted with intelligence and there is much in them to make them wise and prudent. Unhappily, they are not nurtured according to some sound method nor allowed any substantial knowledge. As they grow they by accident become acquainted with the thousand and one things pertaining to life; while they are remarkable at imitating their elders, both in what is good and in what is harmful.

Performing her ablutions before day-break, Malati was in the habit of making a round to various shrines. Pouring a vessel of water over Lord Shiva and laying a garland at the feet of Anapurana Devi, she would sit to listen to a *katha* from the Ramayana or the Mahabharat. Returning home, she attended to the kitchen and had every thing in readiness for her lord against his leaving for office.

The girls followed their mother from temple to temple, and imitating her, reverently folded their tiny hands before the deities, with repetitions of "Ram! Ram" and "Shiv! Shiv!" When playing with their dolls they made a kitchen, with pretty earthen pots, and rehearsed actual life with wondrous accuracy, even to Malati being scolded and taken to task by their garrulous grand-mother. In this manner, their mind expanded and became familiarised with the concerns of daily life.

Mid-day is the time for the usual siesta during the hot weather; while in the cold season, Malati basked in the sunshine on the terrace. The neighbouring men being away, she dropped a few words over the walls into the Zenana, or as she stitched, some elderly dames regaled her with the current news of the outer world. A Hindu woman is a most affectionate mother, but much wanting in discretion. She is so indulgent to her children, that no matter where she goes or who visits her but her darlings keep close to her side, listening to conversations, the idea of which should not even enter their dreams. If the mother sees Baby enjoying an unripe fruit she will at once make her spit it out, and will even put her finger down the tender throat, to make sure that nothing of the indigestible morsel remains within to cause harm; but from want of moral training, she entirely lacks judgment as to what should be said and what would be better left unsaid in their presence, as well as how injurious the 'chit-chat' of the elders is to growing-minds.

It is this pernicious habit which produces precociousness in children; and destroys the fresh bloom of innocence, before they have gone far beyond the stage of babyhood. In consequence, great uneasiness is felt in keeping an unmarried girl of fourteen or fifteen, and this is made more unpleasant by constant taunts of well-meaning dames, "Oh sister! How can you swallow a mouthful having an unmarried girl at home?"

Malati's two elder girls were given early in marriage, and now that Baby has attained the venerable age of nine years, she is being united to a young widower of forty years. Shimmering in silks, she sits in her father's lap, facing the bridegroom-elect. Now that she is in possession of lovely jewels and bright tunics, she is content; and between nods, the mumbling voices of the priests come to her ears. At this tender age she cannot conceive of the importance of the vows that are being made on her behalf; nor of the promises of the bridegroom made to love and cherish her. As night advances she falls into a gentle slumber. At length at the close of the tedious ceremony, she is awakened and shown the lucky star, Dhruv, with blessings from the priests, "Crowned with honour and prosperity, may thy life be as long as the glory of Dhruv!"

A day after the marriage, the bride leaves for her new home, and between the sound of the tom-tom and the flute, come the doleful cries of Baby reluctant to be parted from her mother. Malati, thrusting fresh dolls into baby-hands, pacifies her with promises to send for her darling within a week. And right glad is the girl-bride, when the ceremonious week terminates; and with smiles of happiness she enters her old nest.

Marriage brings joys as well as unpleasant restrictions; and now that baby has been raised to the enviable position of a married young lady, her movements of running here and there, even in her parents' home, are narrowed to a small compass of the house. In some parts of India, for a woman to live in the folds of the purdah is a sign of 'respectability,' and also of 'security'; and the greater the folds, the greater is considered the safety and the honour of the house. Pinning faith on bars and bolts is bad enough, but what is more injurious is that growing minds are instilled with the vileness of woman nature. Not giving a thought that the 'distrust system' weakens and paralyses the mind, man is represented to the young as a wolf in sheep's clothing and always to be shunned; while woman is made out still worse—a "burning fire," and so dangerous that to glance at one, even that of clay, causes destruction to man.

The next three years slip away in happy unconcern of the future, but on the performance of the gowna-ceremony, Baby, with a great pang, goes to reside among relations who are complete strangers to her. The mother-in-law seeing the delicate and immatured bride heaves sighs of dissatisfaction. To see her son in the prime of life, and the child-wife a fragile blossom of tender years, makes her pass many sleepless nights. Ruminating, she sets about to defy nature and produce enforced Maturity. Daily the barber's wife embellishes the child bride with cosmetics, cracks the joints of her supple body and like India-rubber stretches it at all angles to add length and breadth. Enforced silence being considered a sign of modesty and virtue, the bride endures it without a murmur; but the rich dainties of crystallized sugar, mixed with butter in the morning; almond paste beaten up in cream at mid-day; and clotted milk with rice of an evening makes her shudder. In no wise can she escape them, for the anxious mother-in-law will trust them to no one; and gently holding her neck by the left hand she day after day forces the delicacies into her mouth, as if she was fattening an unfledged pigeon.

Mother-in-law is, indeed, gracious and who can be so interested in the welfare of the bride as she? Under her watchful care, the girl develops in a couple of years so considerably that even Malati finds it hard to recognise her Baby. But just as the joys of married life are beginning to open upon the happy couple, the husband is suddenly cut off by the stroke of death. Plague has re-appeared in the city and one of the victims to succumb is the young widower of four and forty.

The house is rent with the wailing of the bereaved. Kind sympathisers come and go; and as they sorrowfully gaze at the beauty and the youth of the widow of fourteen years exclaim with doubtful shakes of the head: "Is it possible for her to keep widowhood sacred!" and between the mournful beats of their chests, they fall to recounting something stirring. "Oh Sister!" remarks one, "have you heard of so and so's widow's doings?" or "would you believe it Ganga who was the picture of innocence, has actually fled"; "It is the Age of Sin!" adds another philosophically.

Malati listening to the comments, sobs and cries, "Oh! my innocent babe! better...better hadst thou died in my arms!" The 'distrust-system' and the idea that nature is more evil than good are so ingrained in the Hindu mind that even on such a solemn occasion, their words of consolation are poisoned with ill-forebodings which cause the mother to tremble at her daughter's future.

As for Baby she is struck dumb with consternation at the sudden death of her husband; and seeing the mournful circle around her, tears run and then gush from her eyes. But being too young, she cannot realize her blighted existence, and that her prospects and hopes have been immolated on the funeral pyre of her husband. Without a word of murmur she allows her ornaments to be taken off, and the fine apparel which adorns her person, to be changed for a coarse white dress. But when she sees the cruel flash of the razor in the barber's uplifted hand, she, for the first time, feels the degradation of widowhood, and pierced to the core, falls at her relative's feet beseeching, "Spare, Spare, me! I have done nothing!" But Despotism rules and custom has the illiterate in its iron grip. As they are doomed to the same fate when their turn arrives, what help can they render except to mingle their tears with the inflicted, as tresses long and wavy fall to the ground!

What with a widow forfeiting all the rights and privileges and duties of a married woman; and what with the ignominious limitations, intermixed with repeated fasts and penances to be observed to the letter, man has embittered and debased the state of Widowhood. Indeed, by his unrighteous enactment and cruel restrictions, its solemnity has been effaced, and there are more who keep widowhood sacred because they are driven to it, rather than, as it ought to be, of their own free choice, or in loss or in reverence to the departed husband! Seldom gladness comes to brighten the gloomy path that the widow has to tread alone; and it is nothing surprising that despair

fills the soul of the innocent Baby. All of a sudden the sun ceases to shine for her; and giving herself up to melancholy thoughts, she takes a downward course. She eats little and can sleep less; while, from being fair and plump, there are dark rings round her eyes, and consumption is fast making her its prey. But who cares now? In fact, the miseries of her bereavement are aggravated a hundred fold by the inconsiderate treatment which she receives at the hand of her husband's relations. From an indulgent bride, Baby has been turned into a household drudge, to be always at the beck and call of the inmates of the house. Whether in sunshine or in rain, she is the first to rise and the last to retire at night. At one moment, she is engagrd in the kitchen; the next, she is called away to attend on unruly children; and when a servant absents himself, she has even to burnish the brass plates and dishes. Being turned into a general servant, she receives in return her daily meals, and that once a day accompanied with a clothing of a coarse texture.

And what is the attitude of her mother-in-law—she who not long ago idolised the girl-bride and nourished her on cream and curds? At the loss of her son, the old mother had become distracted with grief, and superstitiously lays his death at the door of the child-bride—'the unlucky bride,' as she now regards her. If by chance she sees Baby the first thing in the morning, she closes her eyes with harsh cries. "Away, away! I have cherished a viper on my bosom?"

Patiently, Baby bears the taunts and reproaches heaped on her. Crushed by the storms of life, she withers like a tender blossom, and the kind hand of Death at length brings her unto peaceful rest. Many are the mourners; many who speak gently of the gentle Baby; and at this solemn moment even the mother-in-law lays aside her acrimony and ceases to murmur: Yes, yes! To harbour a young widow is like cherishing a viper. One does not know when it may turn and sting the hand that gives it milk!" While Malati in anguish moans: "Better, better my innocent baby, hadst thou died in my arms!"

Truly speaks Manu:—"Where the female relatives live in grief, the family soon perishes utterly;" while, our friend, the Gita adds a friendly warning, "Verily! the non-harmonised man remains bound!"

In reviewing the two periods the Ancient and the Present times some facts stand out most prominently. The first and foremost is that our ancient Teachers following the law of Harmony, considered the acquisition of knowledge to exalt the character and to harmonise life. Moreover, they felt convinced that "the functions of woman as wife and companion of man, as mother and trainer of children, as friend or nurse, as teacher, writer and speaker—are among the highest of God's redeeming influences to uplift and perfect the human race." Our wise Teachers imparted knowledge to both man and woman. Both being educated they have left behind them a civilization that is a marvel to this day; and even stern Time has not been able to efface the heroes and heroines of that remarkable Period.

But are their broad principles and wise teachings recognised and carried out in modern times? Never was the terse saying "at the hour of ruin common sense fails man," more applicable than when the modern teachers disenthroned Harmony and courting ignorance, reserved knowledge for the "chosen few." Education being denied to the people in general, the consequence is that we have degenerated, and woman has suffered, and is still labouring under the greatest of disadvantages.

I have remarked before that Bharatkhand is overshadowed by the eclipse of Ignorance! Now, what is done in our midst during the Eclipse of the Sun and Moon? The Hindu fasts, and by repeated prayers, absolutions and offerings appeases the wrath of the malignant spirits. If so much is undergone to relieve the luminary bodies that give us light by day and by night, what should be done to scatter the darkness from the mind of our kith and kin? Certainly, to let the light of knowledge re-illumine our homes.

India is a land of Temples and abounds in charity. The construction of temples, the building of wells for public use and the daily distribution of grain to the poor are indeed, laudable alms. But the highest charity is the encouragement of learning! As young India's principles expand and its powers increase, the erroneous belief "that the general education of women will lead to the loosening of social ties, the displacement of customary ways and the disturbance of domestic equilibrium," shall, truly, give place to the nobler sentiments of our ancient ancestors, that woman is our "highest resources," and education is her shield against all ill.

> "Evil is that thought that thinks it
> Good the thought that makes it so;
> Light and darkness, sin and pureness,
> Likewise out of thinking grow,
> Dwell in thought upon the Grandest,
> And the Grandest you shall see;
> Fix your mind upon the Highest,
> And the Highest you shall be."

The foregone sketches will convey to the reader the "Ideal of Hindu Womanhood," and now we have to consider the latter part of the Essay, "Practical Suggestions for its Realization." Before we touch upon this intricate, but interesting subject there are one or two facts that should be borne in mind:—

I. Religion combined with moral training is absolutely necessary for the elevation of man.

II. Time is no respecter of person; and that when all are asleep, Time alone is up and about repeating its circle. In some parts of India, as girls are withdrawn from school as soon as they are married, it is, therefore, very necessary to make the most of their days of girlhood.

III. Bearing in mind the motto, "Rome was not built in a day," to pursue a gradual advancement in studies. A slowly developed education will be more profitable than the competitive for which the brain is loaded with facts and figures to be laid aside as soon as the examination is completed, *i.e.* knowledge is valueless unless brought practically into use." It is too true that facts and principles do no good, if they are not applied into one's life.

For the better understanding of the scheme which I desire to place before the general public, I shall divide the subject, "Practical suggestions for its Realization" into three parts, *viz.*—

1. Instruction from Infancy to Girlhood.
2. Instruction after Marriage.
3. Instruction to Widows.

1. Instruction from Infancy to Girlhood.

It is astonishing how early an infant begins to understand the language of its mother. See how knowingly it smiles, when she gazes at it with looks of tenderness, or its mouth draws down, and tears well up into its eyes should she frown or her loving accents change. When the understanding is awakened at such an early age, it is the duty of the mother to instruct her infant from this time forth in obedience and in cleanliness. At present the custom is to feed the infant as often as it cries, and if it becomes troublesome to quiet it with a dose of opium. This indulgence is injurious; while, if it was nourished at regulated hours, say every third, and made to sleep a certain number of hours, it would imbibe an orderly habit, and would be all the healthier under this training.

Then again that terrible habit to allow the infant to mess wherever it pleases should, certainly, be replaced by the healthier custom to have some private place which would be offensive to no one. In fact, its room should be well-ventilated and kept clean, with the bedding sunned daily. Bathed and dressed simply, send out the infant both morning and evening for a pleasant walk or drive to make it robust. When teething or under convulsions, &c., secure medical advice, and never seek the aid of Bhaironathji and call in Babaji to whisk away the imaginary 'dark spirits' disturbing the infant; or to remove the effects of 'evil eyes.' As soon as baby begins to talk, gradually correct her accent and teach her to reverence her elders. This is just the time when she unconsciously imitates others; and does and says whatever she sees and hears around her. "Habit is second nature," and once a thing takes root within, it is difficult to reproof. The example of parents is of special importance, and the male members should be most guarded in their speech, particularly when scolding servants. Moreover, the babe should never be encouraged to say 'smart things' which may for a time have a pretty lisp, but those very 'smart words' become odious falling from the lisp of grown up children.

The sweetest charm of childhood is innocence, and this should be preserved as long as it is possible, by the avoidance of the all-supreme topic 'marriage,' with the scare-crow, mother-in-law, looming in the back-ground; and, in fact all 'idle-talking' before children. With great solicitude attend to the cultivation of spiritual and moral discipline, for "the rearing of a healthy soul is as necessary as the rearing of a healthy body."

Supply a variety of toys and not allow baby to dabble in water or to build unsubstantial pyramids of dust. Above all chose suitable playmates and never from the children of your servants. At the age of six bathe and dress baby neatly; see that there are no rents in the garments she wears, and giving her a good supply of nourishing food send her to school.

In life "All beginning is difficult." If the 'stepping-stone' is firm, step by step man rises to excellence; while, on the other hand, if the beginning is loosely formed or hastily taken, hindrances spring up and block the path of advancement. Hence, it is necessary to have a distinct idea of the aim of the reformer in educating girls, whose mothers and great grandmothers were allowed to grow up like wild berries, and to begin well.

I believe his aim is, and it is the aim of all instruction, "to know our duty and to do it; to make us upright in act and true in thought and word." At the present moment the education of both boys and girls is secular. Experience teaches that secular knowledge is inadequate to equip them for the life of duties, and to put into them that grit and true metal which are essential for the improvement of character. "Educate men without religion and you make them but clever devils" is the remark of a celebrated commander.

In life one thing is needful: "It is not money, not cleverness, not fame, not even health, but character alone!" If secular knowledge cannot mature and ennoble character, what will?

Religious and Moral Culture.

When constructing a house the dimensions and firmness of its walls are worthy of much consideration, and also that the beams of the roof should be durable. But of greater consequence than these is the basement of the building. No matter how substantial the walls are, no matter how strong the beams are; and in fact the building may be ever so richly decorated, but if its foundation is unsound then nothing can possibly save it from falling to pieces. As the basement is the essential part in a superstructure, so is Religion the pillar of the universe. No matter how learned or accomplished a man is, but neither his learning nor his accomplishments will stand him in good stead, nor steer him safely through this tumultuous life, unless controlled by the divine influence of Religion.

Parents and teachers, you who have in your care innocent souls, upbuild the manhood and womanhood of children on that foundation which is sure and stable, and let Religion become their infallible rule of life. Man is master of his destiny and by his actions he casts his future. Hence, be heedful of to-day and turn it to the best account in the interests of your personal growth. On whatever he sets his heart, that desire becomes stronger on the morrow. Daily growing into habit and character, it will determine the ultimate issues of his life. Yes, remember, "the strength of all government is Religion." It is a divine power—"A power high over all, ever educating, disciplining, directing, controlling and bringing good out of evil, order out of chaos."

The offering of flowers to deities, the burning of sweet incenses; the circumambulation round the sacred pipal, and the thousand and one forms of ceremonial worship may be poetical and even have a deep significance, but why withhold the wholesome principles of Religion from children and sap the moral strength by nourishing them on husks? Rather than a weakly hollow pietism make manhood robust with goodness of heart and a life consistent and religious.

Render familiar to young minds that man "comes into the world to a life of responsibility and duty," and as he sows so shall he reap. Let them clearly understand the duty they owe to their Creator, to their fellows and to their country. Moreover, let the elixir of good-will course through their tender veins and teach them rightly the principles of humanity and to be tender and just to all classes. Make it clear unto them that man is linked to man by a thousand connections founded on common wants and "one should never do that to another which one

regards as injurious to one's self," but rather be instruments of good to his fellow-creatures.

"Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true;
When neither force nor fawning can
Unpin or wrench, from giving all their due."

Right ideas and right habits are formed by the instruction in morals. Hand in hand with religious teaching must moral discipline be exercised for the upbuilding of a noble character. In our body the mind is supreme and all actions take their rise therein. As long as the mind is kept under control it acts as man's truest friends and leads him on to glory. But if through man's weakness the mind gains the upper hand then it turns his bitterest enemy and surrounds him with disgrace. As good food is necessary to nourish the body even so are wholesome thoughts to strengthen the mind. There certainly can be no greater error than to fill the mind with enfeebling substance; and to be ever harping on the dark side of human nature is to point out the road to more evil than good. This system, remarks a philosopher, "weakens the mind, weakens the brain, makes one superstitious, makes one mope in darkness." Remember that man is the bringer of good as well as evil unto himself and as he builds within himself by the power of thought so does his outward life shape itself accordingly.

It is found that thoughtful parents and experienced teachers suppress the evil tendencies of children by fostering every germ of good in their nature. Through daily encouragement they rear their mental powers to the most perfect vigour and maturity.

My worthy master happily belonged to this school of Instruction, and full well do I remember his telling me when I joined his school, "you must never forget that you are a lady!" Now a 'lady' is not measured simply by high birth nor by the richness of attire and jewels. But one who is 'gentle by nature; one who is strictly upright and humane and would stoop to nothing mean.' There is no doubt there was at first much wavering in my disposition, and in consequence many were the mistakes I committed; nevertheless, words of encouragement never failed my revered master and carefully took every opportunity to draw out the nobler part of my nature.

Another deep and lasting instruction I received when I was studying in Munich. At a fashionable party, I was introduced to Dr. von Leubach, one of the greatest Portrait Painters of Europe. At that time I understood little enough of the German language, and he less of English, so our conversation passed off in silent speech. He, however, studied me through and through and well satisfied departed. A few days after our introduction, his lady called on me and carried me away to her lovely place. On my refusing to be painted the Artist replied simply: "Du bist rein—thou art pure-minded." He then painted three or four 'idealistic' pictures, one of which the Prince of Bavaria chose for the famous Picture Gallery of Munich (Pinakothek) and another is out in India.

Years are passing away, but the pithy words of my friend, "Thou art pure-minded" act upon me like a charm, and in times of perplexities have often infused me with strength. Sometimes, friends have remarked in astonishment: "How did you manage to do such a thing?" and my answer has been "a philosopher told me that I had in me the Indian strength to balance life even under trying circumstances." To habitually look on the dark side of human nature causes depression; and man becomes the slave of circumstances; while to live with wholesome thoughts and to act according to the dictates of right judgment adds not only to his peace but to the well-being of society as well.

"I sent my soul through the invisible
Some letter of that after life to spell,
And by-and-by my soul returned to me,
And whispered, 'I myself am heaven and hell.'"

Beside religious and moral culture due attention should be given to train girls thoroughly in the minor duties of life, such as household management; good manners; propriety in dress; needle-work, etc.

(*To be continued.*)

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

THE EDUCATION OF INDIAN WOMEN.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's Speech.—In view of the widespread interest created by the speech of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu at the Social Conference, we give its substance as fully as possible. Mrs. Naidu moved an amendment which urged upon "the Hindu community the necessity of supplementing every effort of Government" in the direction of female education. She said:—

In moving this resolution I beg to make a slight amendment and substitute the word *Indian* for *Hindu*, for education knows no distinction of caste or creed or province. It seems to me a paradox, at once touched with humour and tragedy, that on the very threshold of the twentieth century it should still be necessary for us to stand upon public platforms and pass resolutions in favour of what is called female education in India...of all places in India, which, at the beginning of the first century was already ripe with civilization and had contributed to the world's progress radiant examples of women of the highest genius and widest culture. But, as by some irony of evolution the paradox stands to our shame, it is time for us to consider how best we can remove such a reproach, how we can best achieve something more fruitful than the passing of empty resolutions in favour of female education from year to year. At this great moment of stress and striving, when the Indian races are seeking for ultimate unity of a common national ideal, it is well for us to remember that the success of the whole movement lies centred in what is known as the woman question. It is not you but we who are the true nation builders. But it seems to me that

there is not even an unanimous acceptance of the fact that the education of women is an essential factor in the process of nation-building. Many of you will remember that some years ago when Mrs. Satthianadhan first started *the Indian Ladies' Magazine*, a lively correspondence went on as to whether we should or should not educate our women. The women themselves with one voice pleaded their own cause most eloquently but when it came to the men there was division in the camp. Many men doubtless proved themselves true patriots by proving themselves the true friends of education for the mothers of the people. But others there were who took fright at the very word, "What" they cried, "educate our women? What then, will become of the old comfortable domestic ideals as exemplified by the luscious halwa and the savoury omelette." Others again were neither "for Jove nor for Jehovah," but were for compromise, bringing forward a whole syllabus of compromises. "Teach this," they said, "and not that." But my friend in matters of education you cannot say. *Thus far and no further.* Neither can you say to the winds of heaven. "Blow not where ye list," nor forbid the waves to cross their boundaries nor yet the human soul to soar beyond the bounds of arbitrary limitations. The word education is the worst misunderstood word in any language. The Indians, who are an imaginative people, with their subtle instinct for the inner meaning of words have made a positive difference between instruction and education and we should do well to accord and acknowledge that difference. Instruction being merely the accumulation of knowledge might indeed lend itself to conventional definition but education is an immeasurable, beautiful, indispensable atmosphere in which we live and move and have our being. Does one man dare to deprive another of his birthright to God's pure air which nourishes his body. How then shall a man dare to deprive a human being of its immemorial inheritance—liberty and life. And yet my friend has so dared in the case of Indian women. That is why you men of India are to-day what you are: because your fathers in depriving your mothers of that immemorial birthright have robbed you, their sons, of your just inheritance. Therefore, I charge you to restore to your women their ancient rights, for as I have said it is we, and not you, who are the real nation-builders, and without our active co-operation at all points of progress all your Congresses and Conferences are in vain. Educate your women and the nation will take care of itself, for it is true to-day as it was yesterday and will be to the end of human life that the hand that rocks the cradle is the power that rules the world.—*Statesman.*

LADIES AT THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—There was a ladies' day on Wednesday, and the following is an interesting account of the proceedings:—"Purdah Day at the Exhibition was a most wonderful example of the friendly comradeship which now so markedly animates all creeds and ranks of Indian women, welding them into a united body whose influence must ultimately tend to the emancipation of all women throughout India. On Purdah Day the arrangements for the reception of the Viceregal party, the organisation of tableaux and theatricals, and management of the Exhibition stalls, were in the capable hands of the women of Bengal, who claim that day to be absolutely without precedent in the history of their sex. From an early hour carriages conveyed closely veiled ladies to the entrance of the Exhibition, which was effectively screened by canvas barriers; and once past the gates, the most jealous regarder of her purdah obligations might throw back her veil and regard with wonder the throng of women, representative of orthodox and modern India, where a ruling chief's consort passed by the side of an ankleted, full skirted dancing girl, and she of the glass bracelets smiled in friendly admiration on a Bengali aristocrat, radiant in gold embroidered *sari* and jewels. All through the day the buoyant-hearted crowd overran their novel playground, appreciating mischievously the fact that those of the dominant sex who, of necessity, remained in the enclosure, were now hedged round with the severest purdah restrictions, and dared not appear outside office or pavilion.

"In the afternoon the crowd surged round the shamiana erected for the reception of Her Excellency Lady Minto and the Government House Party. Lady Fraser was the first guest of honour to arrive. Her Highness the Maharani of Cooch Behar welcomed her, and shortly afterwards Lady Minto, accompanied by Lady Victoria Dawnay and Lady Violet Crawley entered, while the sea of variegated veiled heads bowed in deep salutation like a poppy field bent by the wind. The Maharani of Cooch Behar conducted Lady Minto to the *dais*, where she and the other guests were garlanded with tinsel and jessamine wreaths, and sprinkled with *attar* of roses from a great, jewelled vase. Tea was then served, and afterwards the Viceregal party made a short tour of the stalls, before adjourning to the theatre to witness the tableaux and scenes from the classic poem, *The Coming of Kumara*.

"The scene in the effectively lighted and decorated theatre was most brilliant. Centring a sea of lovely colours was the Viceregal *dais* where Lady Minto sat, surrounded by a glittering bevy of Indian Princesses. The beautiful Maharani of Baroda was on her right hand, while on the other side was the small, small

Princess of Mysore, with the Maharanis of Cooch Behar, Mohurbgunge, Kikina, Partabgarh, Nattore and Dighapythia grouped near at hand, Lady Minto wore an exquisite gown of leaf grnd. with ornaments of emeralds and diamonds, while every movement of the ladies around revealed flashes of flame as the light caught the chains of diamonds circling necks and arms, and clasping *saris* of gossamer tissue. The Maharani of Cooch Behar acted as Mistress of Ceremonies throughout, and presented to Her Excellency those who still observe the purdah restrictions. After the presentations, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the poetess of Hyderabad, made a welcoming speech assuring Lady Minto of the great pleasure her presence that day gave to every Indian woman, and praying that all shortcomings in the entertainment she was about to witness might be condoned on account of the loving loyalty which had prompted the organising of the theatricals in her honour. Mrs. Naidu then presented a programme of white satin, which Lady Minto gratefully acknowledged, and immediately after the curtain rose on the first scene of the play. The tableaux were very beautiful, being admirably staged, while the costumes were historically correct. The love story of Uma, daughter of the Mountain God of the Himalayas, and Shiva, the God of Destruction, was outlined, and the final scenes of betrothal and sanctificial *math* were quite impressive. Lady Minto applauded heartily, and stayed until the last act, with its accompaniment of weird Indian music, was finished.

Hindu Ladies' Club.—The 13th annual meeting of the Hindu Ladies' Social Club was held in the spacious hall of Mrs. Harischandra Pandurang Pitale at Cowasjee Patel Tank Road on Wednesday, when H. H. the Begumsahib of Janjira presided. There was a large gathering of ladies, European, Mahomedan, Hindu and Parsee.

The Begumsahib afterwards read her presidential address, the substance of which is the following :—Mrs. Kothare and Ladies,—It has offered me very great pleasure to have been given the honour of presiding to-day at your annual gathering, and to have heard in the report of your secretaries read just now the successful work done by the Committee during the past year. I thank you for giving me the opportunity of being present on this occasion. I might say that this is not the first time that a Mahomedan lady has been favoured to preside at your gathering, as some years ago, my late beloved aunt Mrs. Budrudin Tyebji was accorded a similar honour. But I might say here that when I was first asked to preside, I felt rather difficult seeing the distinguished ladies who have already preceded me in past years. However I accepted it only on this consideration that although yours is a purely Hindu Club, still you have wished to show a unity and accord with your Mahomedan sisters, which is very commendable and gratifying to me. Ladies, I am very glad to find the various branches of the work set-going have been well maintained and signify the care and interest you have been taking to, gradually increase the utility of this Club, and it is pleasing to see that the class for fabric and glass painting is getting on well. I only wish that in addition to these Western arts equal attention will be paid to our ancient and unrivalled embroideries and needle work, and I will be glad to see some support given to this sort of work to which I wish to make a very slight contribution to see start with, which I trust you will oblige me by accepting. I note with special pleasure the deep interest taken in your welfare by the Maharani of Baroda, a fact which alone is sufficient guarantee for the Club's future prosperity. And I am happy to note also that Rani Laxmibai Sahib has become a member and shows her interest in a practical manner by helping the glass and fabric painting class. I think you will join with me in welcoming Mrs. Mahadeo Govind Ranade who has come all the way from Poona to grace the occasion with her presence. I have only one thing more to observe now. Some articles prepared by the members during the weekly meetings are to be sold for a benevolent purpose and I trust that these things will be readily disposed of. I do not wish to detain you further, but will close my remarks with my very best wishes for your future welfare and progress.

Miss Sarala Devi.—There are few Indian ladies better known in Calcutta than Panditani Sarala Devi Chaudharani, who until her marriage in 1905 was Miss Ghosal, daughter of Mr. J. Ghosal, honorary secretary of the National Congress. The new number of *Men and Women of India* has a portrait and sketch of Sarala Devi. From this we learn that she took her B. A. degree at the Calcutta University at seventeen, and that her fleet literary composition, first written when she was twelve years old, came out in *Bharati*, the Bengali monthly of which she has been editor for some years. Under the liberal influences amidst which her girlhood was passed, Sarala Devi came to cherish an ambition for some fruitful work, and in pursuit of this purpose she spent a few months in educational work in Mysore. On her return she was entrusted with the editorship of *Bharati* and she entered upon the patriotic activities in connection with which her name has chiefly become known. She encouraged the foundation of national musical clubs, strove to revive the old social festivals, started the *Virashtami* movement, revived the memory

of the national heroes and, being *swadeshi* long before the present movement, instituted a store and showroom for Indian goods. She married, eighteen months ago, Pandit Ram Bhaj Datta Chaudhari of Lahore, and, as announced the other day, has just given birth to a son.—*I. D. T.*

A movement has been set on foot to start a school in Hyderabad for the education of the young Zenana ladies. A committee of twelve ladies has been formed for the purpose, of which Mrs. Sorabji Jamsedji, wife of Mr. Sorabji, Conservator of Forest in Hyderabad, has been appointed one of the members.

Mrs. Ruttonji Dadabhoy Tala has contributed Rs. 1,000 to the Parsi General Hospital Fund, which with further donations totals to Rs. 6,73, 828.

Dr. Miss Heerabai Contractor was presented with a beautiful pearl necklace by the Maharani of Shapura, for her successful treatment of the Maharani's long and serious illness.

In Burma female education is making continued progress. It is almost entirely in the hands of aided bodies or individuals and it is said that separate schools for girls are not essential for the spread of female education in that province. The total number of girls under instruction in all Primary Schools was 42,816 of whom nearly a third were attending the 440 girls, schools. About 300 Mahomedan girls were under instruction.

At a meeting of the Committee of the proposed Girls' High School, Lahore, held on Thursday evening last, under the presidency of the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Shah Din, a Sub-Committee was appointed to collect subscriptions from Lahore.

The Lady Minto's Indian Nursing Association Fund has now been closed. Subscriptions amounting to Rs. 1,53,385 have been received. Donations not yet sent in should be forwarded at once to Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Crooke-Lawless, Honorary Secretary of the Association, Government House, Calcutta.

Her Excellency Lady Lawley paid a visit to the Mahomedan Girls' School at Royapettah to-day, accompanied by Miss Draper, an American lady who is a guest at Government House, and is interested in education in India. Her Excellency and Miss Draper were shown over the institution by Miss Bernard, Inspectress of Girls' Schools.

A Prize Distribution.—A correspondent writes :—The distribution of prizes to the girls of the Government Girls' School, Nuzvid, took place on the 10th instant in the Victoria Town Hall, with Mr. M. Venkateswar Row Pantulu in the Chair. There was a large and representative gathering present. A very interesting programme was gone through, consisting of songs, recitations, dialogues and speeches by the girls. After the reading of the School Report and the distribution of prizes, the Chairman delivered an excellent speech, complimenting the staff on the work done and exhorting the audience to encourage the school in every possible way. Munshee Syad Vaziruddin Sahib Bahadur, Manager of the Vuyyur Estate under the Court of Wards, proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman and, as a mark of his appreciation and sympathy, had sweets distributed to the girls at his own expense. The prizes supplied by the Department were supplemented by donations from the public.

Shrimati Maya Devi, a widow, was married to L. Tika Ram of Bahawalpur under the auspices of the Widow Remarriage Society, Jhansi. P. Baldeva Datt conducted the *Bivah Sanskar* according to Vedic rites.

Female Education.—The Punjab Government, reviewing the report on Education in that Province for the year, say :—" From all quarters indications are being received that the prejudice against the teaching of girls is at last breaking down. The attempts to deal with the problem of how to systematise the teaching going on in Zenanas, and to substitute a proper curriculum under trained teachers for the desultory and spasmodic tuition imparted behind the *purdah*, are beginning to bear fruit. It is true that the obstacles raised by the *purdah* system have not as yet been removed and that partly on this account and partly because Urdu is not the mother tongue of the pupils, the success among Mahomedans is markedly less than among Hindus. But even here there are hopeful signs."

Emancipation of Women in India.—The *Englishman*.—We have referred already to the extraordinary evidence as to the break-up of the zenana system in Calcutta afforded by the number of high caste and wealthy Indian ladies who are openly visiting the Industrial Exhibition. Even on the so-called zenana days the thousand or so men actively engaged in the Exhibition itself are permitted to remain and last Friday the further concession was made of allowing a male escort with every party of ladies. But, jesting apart, the departure that has now been so boldly initiated may have the most far-reaching consequences on the social and political future of India. As we pointed out the other day, the great argument against Indians is that

their social system is hopelessly at variance with the ideas of modern civilisation. It was contended that men who place their women in an absolutely inferior position are themselves inferior to men who do not, and the caste system was made a peg on which to hang homilies about the essential superiority of the European. But what if, as now seems likely, caste is abolished and the zenana comes to an end? Leaving politics aside, the first great change that is likely to take place is to introduce a gratifying novelty in the relations between Indians and Europeans. It is idle to talk of intimate social relations with people who believe that the mere act of breaking bread with you, the very beginning of mutual courtesies all over the world, except in India, is a sin. Again the European habit of permitting women to a share in all social activities is a bar to intercourse with people who will not allow their women out of the zenana. But, the barriers removed and there stands nothing in the way of mutual comprehension.

THE HINDU GIRLS' SCHOOL, TRIPLICANE.—Mr. P. Rajagopalachariar, Registrar of the Co-operative Credit Societies, has given a donation of Rs. 500 in aid of the funds of the Triplicane Hindu Girls' School.

News and Notes.

Mrs. Marie Robinson Wright, who has travelled more in the South American republics and written more about them than any other woman, has started for Rio Janeiro under an engagement with the Brazilian Republic. She has written histories of the Bolivian Republic, Chile and Peru, and is also preparing a book upon Argentina.

—Mrs. Mary Baraby, 103 years old, is described as the jolliest woman in Brooklin, Mass. It is said that "just to hear her laugh is enough to drive the blues away." She has had 20 children, 42 grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren. She is fond of having young people about her, and loves to tell of the corn-husking bees and other frolics of the good old times.

—Mrs. Sabrina Watts Hall, of Jonesboro, Me. lately celebrated her 101st birthday. She is a "real daughter" of the Revolution, and a direct descendant of Hannah Weston, who, with her sister-in-law, Rebecca Weston, girls of seventeen and nineteen, carried thirty or forty pounds of ammunition from Jonesboro to Machias, through ten miles of forest. When one of them became exhausted on the way, her companion bore the double load. Though they reached the village at sundown, too late to make the powder and balls of service, their deed has been remembered. It was on that day, June 12, 1775, that in Machias Bay was fought the first naval battle of the great struggle, "The Lexington of the Seas," and the British man-o'-war Margaretta was brought up the river in triumph to the village of Machias.

—Miss Mary Boyle O' Reilly, who has just been appointed a member of the Massachusetts Prison Commission, was full of high spirits in her childhood. She says she had the reputation of being the worst girl in the convent where she was educated. For the last ten years she has been active in philanthropic work. She is one of the directors of the Boston Women's Educational and Industrial Union, and was one of the founders of St. Elizabeth's Guild. About a year ago she was appointed by the Mayor of Boston on the board of trustees of the Children's Institutions Department. She followed special courses at Radcliffe for several years, and is a member of its alumnae association. She contributes short stories to McClure's, Harper's and other periodicals, and is very fond of amateur photography.

—Miss Alice Henry contributes to the North American Review of Dec. 21 an interesting article on "The Australian Woman and the Ballot." After giving statistics of the vote, she says: "It is unnecessary to add that the conservative woman votes. Her husband or father and their newspaper take good care that the duty of doing so is well impressed upon her, even though abstractly they may all three disapprove of woman in politics, and have striven to avert her appearing in that arena as long as they possibly could. In the legislative world, the trend of the laws whose passage has been brought about, or hastened, by the direct political, action of women is very clear. These constitute, largely, measures to remove disabilities from women and improve the condition of children, particularly homeless or neglected children. It is probably true that very few measures can be named which cannot sooner or later be obtained in other countries by the old, slow, in direct methods; but it is quite certain that there is no other country which can point to such a series of reforms brought about in such a short time, with so little friction and with such a minimum expenditure of energy."

—The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds in England is carrying on an active campaign against the slaughter of rare birds for the adornment of women's hats. At one of the meetings a member said she had posted a lady policeman at every church in her district to take notes of the women wearing feathers. The offenders afterwards received letters from the society urging them to stop wearing birds' plumage.

—The name of Elizabeth Barrett Browning will by permission of the Dean of Westminster, appear in the Poets' Corner of the Abbey. When Robert Browning died, the honor of burial was offered to the remains of his wife, which rest at Florence; but the offer was refused. Now, on the centenary of her birth, her name is to be inscribed at the foot of her husband's grave in the Abbey.

—A writer in the Indian School Journal tells an instance of Indian gallantry which excels that of most white men. A Navajo woman rode to the trading post to make some purchases, and, being very stout, when she tried to remount her pony, she could not, though she made the effort to do so several times. A young Navajo, seeing her trouble, came forward and went on all fours by the side of the pony. The old woman stepped on his back, and, mounting her pony, rode off.

—Anyone walking through the uptown residential section of Philadelphia after midnight would be

surprised to see what looks like white crape hanging from hundreds of door knobs. The white thing is not an indication of a child's death, however, but merely a bread bag. For years housewives had to put up with uncertainty about their bread, not knowing whether some of the numerous cats that make nightless silent had investigated and pawed over their morning loaf. Now the bakers provide these bags, which are hung on the doorknob at night and filled early in the morning.

—" I'm mighty glad to see a sign like that one," said a newspaper man, indicating a brass tablet at the entrance of a centrally located restaurant, which read," Restaurant for Men and Women.' " When one of Philadelphia's highest class places adopts the words 'men and women' in its sign," he continued," it shows that people are beginning to exercise a little common sense in the use of these wholesome words. A short time ago a restaurant wouldn't have had much patronage if it had used a sign like that one. It would have had to be called a place for 'ladies and gentlemen,' or even the dreadful 'ladies and gents,' in order to thrive.'—*Philadelphia Record.*

—In the New Hebrides women are bought and sold like cattle. A five-year-old girl is worth two hogs and the price increases with age—up to certain limits. There is no excuse for a man being a bachelor, provided he can raise the price of a hog. So says the Rev. Dr. Annand, who has just come back from 33 years' service as a missionary there.

—After many years of agitation it now seems likely that proper care soon will be provided for the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, mother of Abraham Lincoln, in Spencer County, Indiana. The Legislature, which meets this month, is to have a strong appeal made to it for a sufficient appropriation to redeem the grave from its present disgraceful condition, overgrown with weeds and covered with debris.

—Helen Keller, herself formerly deaf, dumb and blind, thus appeals to the sympathy of those who possess their invaluable faculties: "To know what the blind man needs, imagine what it is not to see. Try to realize what blindness means to those whose joyous activity is stricken to inactivity. To live long, long days (and life is made up of days), immured, baffled, impotent, with all God's world shut out. To sit helpless, defrauded, while your spirit strains and tugs at its fetters, while your shoulders ache for their rightful burden of labor. The day is blotted out. Night envelops all the visible world. You have met him on your busy thoroughfares with faltering feet and outstretched hands, patiently 'dredging' the universal dark, holding out for sale his petty wares or his cap for your pennies; and this was a man with, ambitions and capabilities!"

—Melba made her son, who has just been married a wedding present of a fine old castle in Ireland and an annuity of $7,500.

—Mrs. Faradee, wife of Prof. W. C. Faradee of Harvard, has gone with her husband on his investigation of the aborigines of the Andes Mountains.

—Miss Kate M. Gordon lands in New York to-day, and will hold a conference with Rev. Anna H. Shaw and Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery before going on to New Orleans.

—Mrs. Thomas J. Emery has just given $100,000 as an endowment for the Cincinnati Art Museum, in memory of her husband, on condition that Saturday be made a free admission day.

—Mrs. Ella Burr McManus, daughter of the late A. E. Burr, of the Hartford (Conn.) Times, has left $101,000 for charitable purposes. Among the bequests are $55,000 to the Humane Society and $20,000 to the American Anti-Vivisection Society.

—The Woman's Tribune, published first in Beatrice, Neb., then in Washington, D. C., and now in Portland, Ore., has just attained its twenty-third birthday. The Woman's Journal, which with this issue enters upon its thirty-eighth year, congratulates the Tribune upon a life so much longer than that of most reform periodicals. It has been maintained only by an incalculable amount of heroic hard work and personal sacrifice on the part of its courageous editor, Mrs. Clara B. Colby. May she live to vote!

—The Business Woman's Magazine of Denver has been merged in the Modern World, with Adelaide Reynolds Haldeman as editor and manager, and Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford as associate.

—Young women are coming to their own, in the medical profession and are receiving recognition in new directions.

—Dr. Irene B. Bullard of Radford, Va., recently appointed by the general hospital board as third assistant physician at the Eastern State Hospital for the Insane, Williamsburg, is the only woman physician in the State, and probably in the South, holding a government position. Dr. Bullard is yet in her twenties. Another young physician, Dr. Mary Wickens, who graduated last year from the Indiana Medical College, has begun her service as interne at the City Hospital, Indianapolis. Dr. Wickens is the first woman interne ever appointed to this hospital, and it is thought that her success will be a large factor in determining the future course of the Board of Health in offering positions to women physicians. Since her graduation Dr. Wickens has been in the office of Dr. Jane Ketcham of Indianapolis.

—Outside of Bloomenstein's department store on 125th street, New York, an interesting sight greeted the writer's eye—seven baby carriages, standing in a neat row, each with its rosebud occupant, guarded by a handsome, gray-moustached, fatherly porter, who cuddled and crooned over them as devotedly as a loving mother could have done. At the sight I paused with a smile of approval, which speedily turned to a hearty laugh. Being the only pedestrian pausing at the time, my actions caused fear and panic in the mind of one of the small visitors near me, who set up a dismal howl. The porter hastened to its side, with reassuring, tender words, while I discreetly lost myself in the passing crowd, and hurried on, followed by a chorus of wails.—G. B. B.

—Pundita Ramabai now has 2,000 women and girls under her charge, and the little school that she began seventeen years ago for the child widows of India has grown into a populous village. No effort is made to proselytise the girls, and even some of the teachers still adhere to the Hindu faith. Ramabai is acknowledged to be the most learned woman of her race, and she alone of all the women of India bears the title of Pundita. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall calls her " a statesmanlike servant of God, and one of the great personages of her generation."

—Miss Eileen Ward, daughter of the Premier of New Zealand, has just taken her diploma as associate in music. She is the first New Zealand woman to gain this honor.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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